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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—		At Christie's and Sotheby's.....	622	Novels	631	
Chronicle	613	The Weather	623	A Trip Round the World	632	
The Irish Local Government Bill ..	616	The Theatres	623	Politics and Pen Pictures.....	633	
Book Prices	617	Money Matters	624	An Exhibition Record	634	
Mentals and Equivocals	617	The Opera	625	The American Race	634	
Dr. Cameron's Motion	618	The Mammoth in London	626	Two Collections of Essays	635	
A Painful Contrast	619	French Plays— <i>Thermidor</i>	626	New Music.....	636	
French Ideas	620	Lady Waterford's Paintings	627	Pauperism	636	
Mr. Stansfeld's Bill	620	The Paris Salons	627	Old Swordplay	637	
The Wire-Puller and the Peer ...	621	The Derby Horses.....	628	Suffering London	638	
MISCELLANEOUS—		REVIEWS—		French Literature	638	
The Farmers' Club and Small		Nada the Lily	629	New Books and Reprints	639	
Holdings.....	622	Across the Plains	630	ADVERTISEMENTS		640-648

CHRONICLE.

Her Majesty's Birthday. **THE** QUEEN's birthday, actually occurring on Tuesday, was celebrated next day with the usual festivities and honours. Prince GEORGE of WALES's Dukedom of York is a welcome revival of one of the titles most closely connected with English history. Sir HENRY SELWIN-IBBETSON is of the right stuff to make peers of, and Sir EVELYN BARING has earned his ennoblement well. Beginning under the shadow of the bad tradition of the Indian backward school, and with some evil notes on his earlier administration, Sir EVELYN has since risen to the occasion, and has done singularly good work in a post not easily to be surpassed for difficulty, and hardly to be matched for delicacy.

In Parliament. On Friday week the House of Lords forwarded several Bills, especially the Water Companies' Bill, and discussed the exemption of Volunteers from jury service, and the outbreak of typhoid among the Horse Guards. In the morning the Commons despatched some interesting minor business, the chief of which was the expected motion by Mr. BALFOUR for leave to the Grand Committee on the Church Discipline Bill to sit *de die in diem*. The four culprits who had necessitated this measure by their conduct in the Committee had the courage of their misconduct, and gave a taste of what they had done in a corner by moving two amendments to the motion in the open House. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, supported Mr. BALFOUR loyally, and though the tag-rag and bob-tail of the Gladstonian Radicals mustered to help the filibusters, their first amendment was rejected by 201 to 40, and their second by 233 to 63. Some fencing had taken place previously as to the probable course of business. For the rest of the morning sitting the Irish Local Government Bill was debated with as little spirit as might be expected. The evening sitting was at once counted out.

On Monday the House of Lords sped some Bills on their way and arranged its holidays. The other House was told by Mr. BALFOUR that it might adjourn from next Friday; but that the day to which it might adjourn would depend entirely on its own activity and good behaviour. The FIRST LORD also apologized for the break down on Friday night, when Government business

had been expected; but pointed out that if the Opposition did not choose to attend (there had been two of them at the time of the count), it was rather unreasonable to expect Ministerialists to do so. Mr. LABOUCHERE spoilt a much better case than he usually has by using absurdly violent language about the Persian Tobacco Corporation, and Mr. BRYCE endeavoured to be very stern indeed with the LORD ADVOCATE about his beloved Access to Mountains Bill. But it is not easy for Mr. BRYCE to be very stern. After this the House relapsed into the Irish Local Government Bill. Mr. O'BRIEN treated it to copious adjective of the kind which seems to be forcible to Irish newspaper-readers; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN examined the Bill rather minutely, and gave it a handsome certificate; Mr. HEALY did not agree; Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN saw ascendancy in every line of it (we wish we did); and Mr. JACKSON was businesslike, as usual. Some clauses of the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill were agreed to, after brief discussion; and things came to an end about one o'clock. It was reported on the same day that the obstruction in Committee on the Clergy Discipline Bill had been worse than ever.

On Tuesday a discussion of importance took place in the House of Lords on the subject of the Yeomanry. The House of Commons had the rather unusual experience of two debates and divisions—one of the first, the other of all but the first, importance—at its two sittings. In the morning, the debate on the Irish Local Government Bill was at last raised out of the rather stagnant condition in which it had for some days remained. Mr. GLADSTONE spoke with remarkable vigour, eloquence, and ability for his years, but wandered noticeably from the strict subject of the Bill into general considerations, and into comment on Lord SALISBURY's recent utterances. These utterances Mr. BALFOUR proceeded to explain and endorse with great explicitness, as a preliminary to a very forcible vindication of the Bill itself. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT having been snuffed out by the SPEAKER, and Mr. DILLON's temerity in coming on after Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BALFOUR having been anything but justified by a tame and silly speech, the House divided on Mr. SEXTON's amendment. This was rejected, and the second reading carried by 339 to 247, a very large muster, and a majority far exceeding what Ministers have recently been able to

count upon in a strict party division. The result was, no doubt, partly due to the fact that, if Tories have little love for the Bill in itself, Nationalist and Gladstonian opposition to it is, on Gladstonian and Nationalist principles, absolutely indefensible and factious. The evening subject was Dr. CAMERON'S Scotch Disestablishment motion, which, despite the usual reaction after a big division, attracted a large house. The resolution was rejected by 265 to 209, and the closure having been carried, Mr. FINLAY'S amendment for Reunion of the Presbyterian Churches was accepted by 247 to 175. The scandalous obstruction in Grand Committee on the Clergy Discipline Bill was also defeated on this day, the Chairman, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, at last putting his foot down. The obstructors walked out, pursued by an apparently charitable, but really unkind, offer from Mr. DUGDALE of "the crown of martyrdom," and the Bill was got through and reported to the House.

The proceedings in the House of Commons on Wednesday were less satisfactory than those on Tuesday. Mr. STANSFELD'S Electors' Qualification and Registration Bill is not a measure to be knocked off in two lines, and we shall have something to say of it elsewhere. But it was rather too important to be dealt with in the go-as-you-please fashion which the leader of the House adopted, and it was much too contrary to Tory and constitutional principle to deserve even the not very effusive welcome which had been previously offered by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL—an official whom we rarely see representing the Government without anticipations of evil. The interference of Mr. BAUMANN, indeed, caused Mr. BALFOUR to recede from something like alliance to neutrality; but the permission to every man to do as seemed right in his own eyes resulted in 295 members voting for the Bill and only 88 against.

Thursday was a day of miscellaneous talk and work in the House of Commons, and a good deal of both was got through. The event of the day was a conversation between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BALFOUR, which, severely riddled down, was simply this:—Mr. G.: "I say, when are you going to dissolve?" Mr. B.: "When it's quite convenient to me I'll tell you." But it is impossible to exaggerate or too much to admire the delicate persuasiveness which urged the actual question, or the soft clouds of ambiguity which veiled and shielded the actual reply. The Birmingham Water Bill gave occasion for some manly wit between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the Welsh members, the former decrying, the latter defending, the small size of Welsh trout. Mr. LABOUCHERE returned, with more moderate language, but at greater length, to the awkward subject of the Persian Tobacco Corporation; and the "horrors of the Polynesian labour traffic" were made duly horrible by Mr. SAMUEL SMITH. The solid work of a long sitting comprised the third reading of the Indian Councils Bill, and the passage through Committee of the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill.

On this day week Mr. MORLEY spoke at Huddersfield, condescended to repeat the stale *suggestio falsi* about Lord SALISBURY and circuses, was shocked at the PRIME MINISTER'S fiscal heresies, declared that his confidence in the fitness of the Irish for self-government had undergone no change—a somewhat ambiguous expression in the mouth of a man who used to found that confidence solely on fear of the Irish making themselves unbearable—talked about a "policy of negation" (which is surely better than a policy of giving whatever is asked), and was generally depressing to his friends and comforting to his enemies. On the same day the Cambridge members or correspondents of the Eighty Club rather ingeniously had an Oxford man—Mr. R. T. REID—up to make sport for them, and to show how learning in law and Latin, ability

with bat and racquet, and an amiable personal character cannot save a man from having very poor and unhappy brains for political thinking.—The Duke of ARGYLL spoke vigorously at a meeting of the Metropolitan Liberal-Unionist Federation on Monday. Mr. CHAPLIN spoke at Birmingham on Wednesday. At the same town the next day Mr. SCHNADHORST, while modestly disclaiming any disposition to brag, hinted that the Gladstonians were really going to obtain a very superior thing, indeed, in "triumphs"; and Lord ROSEBURY, their only gifted peer, let the fountains of his eloquence play for them on the wickedness of Lord SALISBURY, Mr. BALFOUR, the Duke of ARGYLL, and other naughty fellows.

The Geographical Society held a festival on Monday. The President, Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF, addressed it in the morning, and would have said what he ought to have said if he had not been inspired by the evil one to meddle with classical education. "What on earth was there to teach boys in the days of the Renaissance if they did not teach 'classics'?" asked he, and he answered himself, "Mainly nonsense." Ah, Sir MOUNTSTUART, Sir MOUNTSTUART, are you quite sure that the Day of Judgment is coming to-morrow? If not, is it not a little rash to talk as if you had the last word, and as if some Sir MOUNTSTUART of the twenty-third century might not yet describe the non-classical teaching of the present day as "mainly nonsense"? There was more and less questionable speech at the dinner, attended by many distinguished persons, in the evening.—On the same day a deputation, headed by the Governor of Mauritius, waited on the LORD MAYOR, to thank him for starting a Hurricane Relief Fund, which fund well deserves support.

The sentence of a year's imprisonment passed yesterday week on Mr. DEACON, the American who shot a man whom he found in his wife's bedroom, is a disgrace to French justice. It is certain that, if the nationalities had been reversed, the husband would have been acquitted with acclamation, and that, if both had been Frenchmen, he would have had little or nothing to fear.—There were even last week hints, not wholly surprising, as to the strictly historical character of the ROULEZ duel, the witnesses being apparently limited to that *diable à quatre* M. ROULEZ himself.—Terrible details of the Mauritius hurricane, which is said to have been fatal to something like 1,500 persons, arrived, together with statements of the safeguards to be adopted in Queensland in reference to the revived labour trade in Kanakas.—On Monday morning it was announced that the Grand Cross of the Bath had been conferred on the young Khedive of EGYPT, that the ingenious M. ROULEZ had confessed his hoaxing of the Paris newspapers, that DEEMING had been duly hanged, that a Brazilian ironclad had been wrecked with heavy loss, that a *modus vivendi* had been arrived at between Canada and Newfoundland, and that the expedition sent to chastise the Jebus had beaten that tribe, killed many of them, captured their stronghold, and taken their King.—The chief things reported on Tuesday morning were more final arrangements as to the Portuguese debt, and satisfactory details of the reception of Sir EVAN SMITH and the English Mission by the Sultan of MOROCCO.—On Thursday morning the state of foreign news was still shown by the space given to unimportant details, such as duels in Austria-Hungary, *crimes passionnels* in France, squabbles over telegraph contracts for the Azores, and so forth. The GIOLITTI Ministry had not put a very good foot forward in Italy, and preparations for celebrating the golden wedding of the King and Queen of DENMARK were going on actively. This was duly celebrated next day, when also the Italian Ministry escaped defeat by less than half a score votes.

The Law Courts.

Yesterday week Mr. Justice CHITTY decided that the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S powers as life-tenant extend to the palace as well as to the estate of Blenheim. Although the Duke disclaimed any intention of selling, and the judgment seems to reserve the rights of the heirs of entail to some extent, this decision is surprising and unsatisfactory.—In the inquest on the deaths by fire at "SCOTT'S" it was not exactly proved, but made probable, that the fire was caused by the electric-light installation—a charge which deserves attention.—The case of BUCKLEY v. EDWARDS, decided by the Privy Council this day week, was important, if not lively. It turned on the appointment of colonial judges, and it is not quite so easy to see in the decision a gain for judicial independence as some commentators have found it. For the decision seems to amount to this—that, if between the appointment of a judge and the formal sanctioning of his salary by the Colonial Parliament a change of Ministry and of Parliamentary majority takes place, Parliament can cancel the appointment by refusing the salary. This may be the law, but is of doubtful advantage.—Mrs. THOMPSON and Mr. ROURKE, the terrible parents of children who are a terror to judges, were once more before the Court of Appeal on Monday, and the MASTER of the ROLLS, like Lord TENNYSON'S swan, "loudly" "did lament" because of them.—The BARNARD Peerage case, which involves, not merely interesting genealogical questions, but the possession of a vast property, began on Tuesday.—The Privy Council decided on Wednesday a Jersey appeal case of more importance than might appear to the superficial from the fact that it established the rights of the Crown to "three livres" sixteen sols *tournois*, nine hens, three pullets, four "geese, and forty eggs."—The ingenious "West" "Norwood Fire Brigade," which, on the strength of some buckets and an old fire-escape, had extracted from the public some 700*l.*, came to grief in the Central Criminal Court, its members receiving divers terms of imprisonment.

The Burnay Port. The great BURNAY wine sale began on Tuesday, and seems to have yielded fair prices, not more affected than might have been supposed by the throwing of so large a stock of one commodity on the market at once. Indeed, the older and finer wines sold on the later days fetched positively high prices. Earlier, good wine was sold at something like sevenpence a bottle, and "extra fine plummy" at about sixteenpence. It is sad to think to what a sum artificial fiscal tyranny, unrebuked by the usually noisy protests of the great goddess Free-trade, will increase these prices on the drink of PITT and ELTON before it reaches the throats of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, while American cheese and "canned goods" (think of eating a "canned good"!) attain that goal untaxed.

Sport. The most interesting thing in the cricket of yesterday week was the failure of the Oxford Eleven to withstand the Gentlemen of England. Mr. Woods's bowling was too much for the University team, and they were beaten by ten wickets. At tennis, in the Princes' Club Handicap, Sir EDWARD GREY took his revenge on Mr. CRAWLEY, and reversed the result of their match in the Queen's the other day. In the Oxford Eights Magdalen made its way to the head of the river by successive bumps, and has had no difficulty in retaining the place.—On this day week M.C.C., who have had a run of luck this season, beat Notts after a very good match. In the first of the R.T.Y.C. matches the German EMPEROR'S *Meteor* was soundly beaten by the *Iverna* in the larger class; the *Queen Mab* proving herself the best of the forties.—Orme was formally struck out of the Derby at nine o'clock on Monday morning. On that day the *Queen Mab* was again successful in a match open to all yachts

of ten tons and upwards, but limited by the calm practically to forties. In the London Match on Tuesday time allowance gave the first prize to the *Thalia*, though the *Iverna*, in fact, won, beating the *Meteor* again.—At cricket on Tuesday Yorkshire beat Sussex by 40 runs, and Cambridge utterly demolished an M.C.C. team (not, it is true, of the strongest) by an innings and much more. On the same day there was good racing at York and Bath, the Great Northern Handicap at the former city going to Lord HASTINGS'S Seaton Delaval, who beat Silver Spur and others, while Self-Sacrifice and Marcion ran a dead heat for the Zetland Stakes. At Bath Mr. CHARLTON'S Tanzmeister won the Thirty-eighth Biennial, and Coquette the Tradesmen's Plate.—The principal race of the Bath Meeting, the Somersetshire Stakes, went next day to Mr. WEEVER'S Good Boy, while at York Lord ELLESMERE'S Esmond won the Flying Dutchman's Handicap. Just before the break up of the dry weather which has favoured cricket, the most interesting match of the week, and indeed so far of the season, a Married v. Single contest, in which many of the best men of the day, amateur and professional, took part, was decided in favour of the Bachelors by five wickets.—A good race was run at Doncaster on Thursday for the Spring Handicap Plate, which was won by Colonel NORTH'S High Commissioner.

Miscellaneous. On Saturday last members of Parliament had their now annual holiday at Portsmouth, where mines were sprung for them, blue-jackets drilled, ships exhibited, and so forth.—The sacrifice of the broad-gauge to cheapness, if not nastiness, was consummated on the Great Western this day week.—The sale of the EGREMONT pictures which had, so to speak, been discovered, or rediscovered, lately, after long neglect, in an unoccupied country house, produced some interesting, though (owing to the questionable condition of the lots) no very high, prices. The chief sums paid over the thousand were for a GAINSBOROUGH, a NATTIER, and one of the REYNOLDS portraits.—The Authors' Club has taken premises at 17 St. James's Place, S.W., a site, no doubt, meant as a compromise between the author whose business is near Fleet Street and the author who wants to be further West. A compromise is likewise effected between those who wished ladies to be members and those who would have excluded them entirely. There are no ladies on the Club list, but there is to be a ladies' afternoon once a week.—A complimentary address was presented on Wednesday to Colonel CADDELL, the much tried of Gladstonian members of Parliament, by inhabitants of Tipperary.—The MURRIETA furniture and *bric-à-brac*, and the FISHER engravings, especially the DÜRERS, have sold well during the week.—A dinner, attended by a large number of distinguished persons, was given on Thursday to Sir ROBERT HERBERT, on the occasion of his retirement from the Permanent Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies, in which he has done such long and excellent work.—What might have been a disastrous addition to the history of a celebrated eminence occurred on Thursday, in St. James's Street, Lord SALISBURY'S horses running away with, and upsetting, his brougham. But fortunately the PRIME MINISTER escaped with nothing worse than a shaking.

Obituary. The Maharajah of ULWAR was a good representative of one of the very best classes of the inhabitants of India, the Rajpoot chiefs.—Sir ALEXANDER CAMPBELL had been eminent as a Canadian politician and lawyer.—Sir CHARLES BUTT, whose illness had for some time given his friends anxiety, and had latterly made it necessary for him to intermit his judicial duties, was a judge of ability and experience who took an unusual interest in the details of the cases brought before him.

The Theatre. On Monday night Signor MASCAGNI'S *L'Amico Fritz* was brought out at Covent Garden, and M. SARDOU'S *Thermidor* at the Opera Comique

THE IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE magnificent majority by which Ministers have carried the second reading of their Irish Local Government Bill is a subject of legitimate congratulation for Unionists of every shade. Minor differences of opinion among them as to the intrinsic merits of the measure may with practical, if not strictly logical, justification be merged in a common and cordial assent to the proposition that, on the particular issue presented to the House of Commons last Tuesday, there was only one side which could possibly be taken by a consistent supporter of the Union. No doubt this sharp demarcation of parties did not appear by any means clearly in prospect when the Bill was originally introduced. No one, indeed, supposed that the Government would be unable to carry its second reading; but there seemed at that time no little probability that the natural distrust with which the future operation of the measure is regarded by many members of the Unionist party might sensibly diminish the votes by which its principle would be affirmed. That these anticipations have been so conspicuously, and for the Government so agreeably, falsified is due to a combination of causes to which both of the two Front Benches have contributed, but in which the natural course of events has probably played the largest part. The skill with which the Government have fought the case can have escaped no competent observer. From first to last they have steadily insisted on the inseparable association of this Bill with their whole administrative and legislative record in Ireland; and probably the most telling sentence uttered in the whole course of the debate—a sentence worth whole columns of Mr. GLADSTONE'S eloquence—was that in which Mr. MADDEN declared that the “alternative to Home Rule” was not, as had been absurdly said, the Bill then before the House, but “the entire policy of the Unionist party.” The hearty Ministerial cheers which followed this utterance on the first night of the debate contained the promise of the overwhelming vote which signalized its close. It was a judicious and a timely challenge; and it was never met. Mr. GLADSTONE and his principal colleagues left their Irish to bear the brunt of the battle throughout three of the four nights of the debate, and their Irish fought it after the manner of their kind. That is to say, they misrepresented the Bill by the mouth of Mr. SEXTON, and they abused its authors by the mouths of Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. HEALY. But neither above nor below the gangway, neither in the speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish men-at-arms nor in the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, was there any serious attempt to deal with the Bill as part of a complete Irish policy, the rival of their own.

If that, perhaps, was not to be expected from the Irish men-at-arms, it was, at any rate, to be looked for from their chief; but it was not forthcoming. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech has been extolled as a great performance, and, physically considered, so, no doubt, it was. Old age “hath this,” that it compels every one to admire any extraordinary display of vigour in the old; and to criticize the details of a Bill of seventy-three clauses with lucidity and coherence—accuracy is a less important matter—in a speech of over an hour's duration is, no doubt, a performance which is quite entitled to the description of extraordinary, when achieved by a man of eighty-two. It was a remarkable speech, as a forensic argument of the

same length and acumen on a rule *nisi* would have been remarkable in an advocate of Mr. GLADSTONE'S age; but to describe it, relatively to the requirements of the situation, as an able speech, or even as a reasonably sufficient speech, is mere foolish flattery. Mr. GLADSTONE is the leader of the Opposition, and the representative of an Irish policy which throughout the whole life of the present Parliament has continually presented itself, vaguely enough in many details, it is true, but clearly enough in others, as the alternative to and competitor with that which for the same period the Government has been steadily prosecuting. The Parliament in which this competition has gone on is approaching its close. The Government have just introduced a Bill which is in effect the coping-stone of the policy which they have made their own. Surely it is idle to contend that a leader of Opposition who, in these circumstances, confines himself to minute criticisms of the details of that Bill contributes a “great,” or even a good, speech to the debate. Surely it was to be expected that, if Mr. GLADSTONE devoted a certain portion of that speech to this species of criticism, he would rise to the height of his great argument later on, and endeavour to show, not merely that the particular measure before Parliament had this, that, or the other defect of construction, but that the whole policy of which it formed a part was inferior to that with which he himself and his party are identified. We make all due allowance for Mr. GLADSTONE'S difficulties in that matter. A statesman who is not prepared to state his own policy in any explicit form is not very happily situated for the institution of a favourable comparison between it and the policy of his opponents. But Mr. GLADSTONE is a master of generalities, and we feel sure that he was not deterred by any difficulties of the kind from contrasting his own conception of the measures necessary to satisfy Irish aspirations with that of the present Government as illustrated during the last six years. Despite the obvious delicacy of that task, the Leader of the Opposition would have done better to have attempted it. He gained nothing, as the sequel showed, by narrowing down the issue before the House to a mere question of the merits or demerits of the particular measure under discussion, and repeating Mr. SEXTON'S refuted criticisms of its provisions. Even if his case against it had been as strong as it was weak, it would have been a no less disastrous mistake to rely upon it. For the mere sight of the great chief of the Home Rule party on a great occasion like that of last Tuesday night, when the two Irish policies stood face to face for perhaps the last time until they confront each other before the constituencies—the mere sight, we say, of Mr. GLADSTONE poring, on such an occasion as this, over the technicalities of a Parliamentary Bill, and the minutiae of the local administrative system with which it is concerned, would, in any case, have been enough to disappoint and depress those faithful followers in the country who were looking forward to a last elaborate and inspiring display of rhetorical fireworks, with a “transparency” contrasting the Tory Policy of Coercion with the Gladstonian Reliance on the Union of Hearts. And we may depend upon it that disappointed and depressed these honest souls have been by his performance of last Tuesday night, whatever his flatterers in the press may think it prudent to say in concealment of the fact.

Still, it might have been worth while to disappoint his followers if he could at the same time have avoided doing anything to encourage the other side. It might have been worth while to restrict himself to the clauses of the Irish Local Government Bill, if by that means he could have confined the attention of his adversaries to the same narrow issue. But this is exactly what he failed to do. The real issue before the House had

been widening visibly day by day as the debate proceeded, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech made it, if anything, only clearer than before that what was under discussion was to all intents and purposes a Vote of Confidence in Lord SALISBURY'S Government, and of general approval of its administration of and legislation for Ireland during the six years last past. That view of the business before them having once been brought home to the House, the result was inevitable. All minor differences of opinion within the Unionist camp were instantly effaced, and every unpaired Unionist who was not under absolute physical incapacity for attendance came down to the House to record his vote for the Government. From here and there a Gladstonian commentator on the division this sudden unanimity of voice among men who are known to be divided in opinion on the policy of the Irish Local Government Bill has provoked a facile sneer. It is obvious, of course, to suggest that the second reading would not have been anything like so largely supported had it not been generally understood that the measure would not be proceeded with this Session. Such an explanation of the majority is, of course, as easy to allege as it is difficult—or rather impossible—to disprove. For ourselves, however, as objectors to the principle of the Irish Local Government Bill from the first, we can only say this: that any Unionist who, being called upon to vote for Ministers on what had developed into a motion of confidence in them and approval of their entire Irish policy, withheld that vote on the ground of his dislike for this particular measure—or who would have withheld it if he had not counted on the measure being dropped—would have been either a hopelessly impracticable politician, or one who had strangely misconceived his duty to his country and his cause.

BOOK PRICES.

RARE books still continue to "rule very high." Within the last month a copy of THACKERAY'S illustrated tract, *Flore et Zéphyre*, was bought for nearly one hundred pounds, and *The Snob* and *The Gownsmen* are also in feverish demand. Setting these aside, a complete set of THACKERAY in first editions might probably be bought for about the price of *Flore et Zéphyre*, which is not exactly the book by which the author made himself immortal. An author, indeed, might write on many an unconsidered trifle now desired by collectors and sold at a great rate

*haud equidem invidio,
Miror magis—*

as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD did on a copy of the *Strayed Reveller*, dearly purchased. GIBBON was much pleased when his little treatise on literature fetched a guinea instead of "the primitive price of half-a-crown"; but authors less popular than GIBBON are not so easily consoled. A fardle of rhymes of twenty years ago will fetch five pounds; whereas the same rhymes, reviewed, corrected, and considerably augmented in a new edition, at half-a-crown, are not rapturously run after by the public. It must be a melancholy thing for a modern writer to be only valued in first editions. The unearned increment on these goes all to the owners and booksellers; not a penny to the writer. In *Book Prices Current* (ELIOT STOCK) we learn that Mr. SWINBURNE is rising in the market. *Atalanta in Calydon* fetches as much as Lord TENNYSON'S poems of 1830 and 1833—namely, five or six guineas. Why is this? The old germinal Tennysonian volumes are pleasant to have as relics, and show many various readings from later accepted versions. But *Atalanta* has not thus been remodelled, that the original text should multiply its prices by twentyfold. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S early editions do not go up much; but Mr. BROWNING is

soaring in price—witness four guineas for *Pacchierotto* (1876). Of other modern poets, Mr. ROSSETTI and Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES are most honoured by collectors, Mr. BRIDGES being "extremely rare" in some of his literary avatars. Of old poets, Colonel RICHARD LOVE-LACE is most to be congratulated. His *Lucasta* (1649) is an amazingly ill-printed little volume, which last week fetched 43*l.* To be sure, it had the two engravings which have often been cut out by the silly scissors of the detestable Grangerite. One may wish that the Colonel had received the money, wherewith to drink the King's health "with no allaying Thames." On the other hand, his companion-in-arms and letters, jolly Sir JOHN SUCKLING, scarcely reaches 10*l.* HERRICK, with the portrait, in *Noble Numbers* and *Hesperides*, attains to 35*l.* Without the portrait the book is of no great price, and, as usual, Grangerites have been at it with their instruments. HOMER, in his first edition, is steady at 99–98½. This is the conventional price for that noble work of the NERLI, say 100*l.* The Elzevirs that have come on the English market are of no great mark; the right (dateless) *Imitatio*, in old morocco, hardly reaches 10*l.* The DANTE of 1481 (Firenze) sold for 360*l.*, and a less considered author of verse, Sir A. COKAIN, in his *Small Poems* (1658) arrived at 36*l.* Here, again, the portrait makes the price. Mr. BAIN is to be warmly congratulated on buying SHELLEY'S *Adonais* (Cambridge, 1829) for 1*l.* But, on reflection, surely this is the wrong *Adonais*? THACKERAY'S *Comic Tales* (1841) reach the sum of 20*l.* 10*s.* There were large prices at the BRAYTON IVES sale, in New York. Reckoning the dollar at four shillings, BURNS, in the Kilmarnock edition, fetched over 80*l.* It has been bought in our time, and in Edinburgh, for sixpence. SHAKESPEARE'S *Venus and Adonis* (1596) fetched about 220*l.*, and the First Folio over 800*l.* MOLIÈRE'S first editions range from 10*l.* to 60*l.*, according to rarity and condition. They are not "quartos," as a critic once audaciously asserted. *Le Misanthrope*, at 50*l.*, owes a good deal to a binding by TRAUTZ BAUZZONNET; but *Les Femmes Savantes*, unbound, is dearer at 42*l.* MILTON'S *Poems*, 1645, in the original sheepskin, cost 65*l.*; but the *Compleat Angler* mounts high in the three hundreds. Of all old English writers, our Father IZAAK is the most coveted; doubtless he is so rare because he lay loose in damp punts, and was thrust casually into the pockets of fishing-jackets, and had flies stuck in his fly-leaves. A man would be wise who sold all his other books to purchase this one pearl of great price; of course supposing that he had no intention of reading his books—a thing hateful to the book-collector. Of other rarities, the oldest *incunables* and books on America, if scarce, and illustrated works of 1730–1790 seem to be most the favourites of fashion.

MENTALS AND EQUIVOCALS.

WHEN JOHN BULL, in ARBUTHNOT'S history, is engaged in negotiations with LEWIS BABOON, and has received from him apparently satisfactory assurances, a certain misgiving compels him to add:—"But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy 'equivocals and mentals in this case?' Giving the question a more respectful wording—substituting, let us say, "Venerable sir" for "old boy," a form of address in every respect unbecoming—the anxious inquirers as to Mr. GLADSTONE'S intentions must sometimes feel disposed to demand this further confirmation of their impressions. Has Mr. GLADSTONE, in the particular case in which they are interested, laid aside all his equivocals and mentals? The question is superfluous. One might as reasonably ask whether Mr. GLADSTONE has laid aside his very nature? has he stripped him-

self of his personal identity? His mental and equivocal constitute the very essence of his intellectual and moral character. He lives in an atmosphere of ambiguity and intellectual duplicity, of undesigned suppression and unwitting false suggestion. As Mr. JOHN MORLEY has happily expressed himself, Mr. GLADSTONE's mind is a mint of logical counterfeits. He is perpetually engaged in issuing and passing false coin, which he himself believes to be genuine, as the heathen artificer believed in the god which he had manufactured. Whenever a question is asked him, he reconstructs it in his own mind before replying to it; and then replies to his own covert and undisclosed version of it, and not to the open and plain inquiry which he is ostensibly answering. All this is done with a certain sort of good faith. The falsity is not deliberate or self-acknowledged. Psychologists say that the essence of intellect and character in every human being lies below the range of consciousness. The roots of our nature are hidden and buried; the springs of life are subterranean. If they are infected or tainted the growth will be diseased, the stream will be poisoned. It is as certain that a man who is false within himself cannot be true to others as that a man who is true to himself cannot be false to others. Cultivated ambiguity of thought must end, or at least have one of its stages, in unconscious untruthfulness of speech. Happy if its development is arrested in this latent unverity.

Mr. GLADSTONE has recently been asked by certain puritanic casuists who desire an excuse for abetting a measure which their reason and conscience condemn, what security is to be taken against the establishment and endowment by a Home Rule Parliament of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland? Mr. GLADSTONE, having recourse, we fear, to his equivocal and mental, replies that the security will be ample. It will be prohibited in the statute which grants Home Rule. Besides the Irish members who happen to be sitting in the present Parliament have declared that they do not desire the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church. We are far from saying that Mr. GLADSTONE was aware of the worthlessness of these guarantees when he put them forward as satisfactory. He has a certain faculty of instantaneous conviction. His belief does not precede his assertions; it accompanies them. He does not make statements because he believes them, but he believes them in the act of making them, and because he finds himself making them. The guarantee given by the statute which is to limit a Home Rule Parliament cannot be stronger than the guarantee for the permanence of the Church establishment which was one of the fundamental articles of the Act of Union. As to the pledge given by the assurances of the Irish members, they express only their present state of mind. They do not, and cannot, bind their future convictions or freedom of action, still less can they bind their successors some years hence. Mr. GLADSTONE must know that these guarantees are absolutely worthless, and that the attempt to enforce them would be the beginning of a struggle in which, upon his own principles of Home Rule, the right would be with Ireland, and not England. If Home Rule involves the right of an Irish Parliament to legislate for Ireland on all matters exclusively Irish, the question of religious establishments clearly falls within its competence. The man who, to serve the purpose of the moment, proposes temporarily to withhold it, and pretends to think that it can be permanently withheld, is the man who demands for the Welsh and Scotch provinces of Great Britain—we use the phrase of them as we should use it of England—the right of deciding for themselves whether they will maintain or abolish their religious establishments. But the Scotch are Presbyterians; the Welsh are Protestant Dissenters; the Irish are only Roman Catholics. Mr. GLADSTONE

and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who insist on this ignominious inequality, denounce Lord SALISBURY as the preacher of religious intolerance and the reviver of old bigotries. They are either insulting Roman Catholics or hoodwinking English and Scotch Protestants. Probably they affect to do the first for the purpose of really doing the second; and Roman Catholics, such as Lord RIPON and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, accept the affront for the sake of the fraud.

DR. CAMERON'S MOTION.

MANY things come before the House of Commons which it is difficult to treat with respect; but none of them put so severe a strain on politeness as the periodical motions for the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. They do not become more respectable when disendowment is added to disestablishment. If it were not that a kind of tradition in favour of every proposal to disendow and disestablish has been formed within the last half-century or so, the demand could hardly be made at all. If it were not for the influence of motives which cannot be described as other than mean, nothing would be heard of attacks on the Kirk. It is not the small handful of Scotch Roman Catholics who wish to do her harm, though they are bound to believe that she is no church, and that her teaching is heretical. The Episcopalians make no movement against her. That body is content to believe that it is, properly speaking, the Church of Scotland. It tolerates the possession by the intruding Kirk of a small remnant of the vast possessions of the mediæval Church with equanimity, and without envy. We do not even know that the United Presbyterians are particularly loud in clamour, though their principles do not bind them not to forward the separation of the State from religion. The outcry comes from a part of the Free Kirk, which is bound by all its principles, and the unanimous declaration of its founders, to hold that separation is a sin against God and man. They, and a miscellaneous body of persons who hold, not absurdly, that the disestablishment of something, the adoration of separation in general, and the vulgarization of whatever you can vulgarize, are the marks of a true Gladstonian, are the supporters of these motions.

This creed, for which we shall not profess the smallest respect, was quite shamelessly avowed by Dr. CAMERON on Tuesday. He did not pretend, for he could not pretend, that the Church of Scotland teaches anything which he and his friends consider heretical. He cannot, since lay patronage has been given up, quote even the shadow of a principle to justify himself, we do not say for wishing to disestablish, but even for standing outside the Kirk. Dr. CAMERON did, indeed, assert that "year after year they" (his friends to wit) "had denounced the continuance of the Establishment as unjust and inexpedient, as a standing menace to the voluntary Churches, as an offence to the conscience of a large number of Presbyterians, and as detrimental to the cause of religious peace and unity in Scotland." He also said that this is a question of religious equality. These are very cruel words, but they are a little too like the traditional refutation of BELLARMINE. BELLARMINE says "Yes," but I say "No"; and so, having confuted BELLARMINE, let us proceed. Round assertions are not proof. Denunciation by Dr. CAMERON and his friends only proves that they denounce. But why? It would also be interesting to know how religious equality comes into the matter. No Free-kirker is debarred from any office because he belongs to the Free Kirk. If Dr. CAMERON would argue that the Free Kirk is, in truth, the Kirk of Scotland, and therefore ought to have the endowments, we could

find a certain coherence in his doctrine. But he does not do that. He only wants to injure the Kirk without doing any more good to any other body than may be derived from enjoyment of the spectacle of loss and injury inflicted on others. This is disinterested certainly—after a fashion. Dr. CAMERON was also prepared to assert that the property of the Kirk is national property. This is the “refutation of ‘BELLARMINE’” again; but it is in the power of Dr. CAMERON’s friends to use this property not only for a national purpose, but for the identical purpose for which it was originally set aside. They have only to give up standing apart from the Church, from which they are now divided by no single principle which they can avow without ceasing to be Free-kirkers in the sense in which these words were defined by the founders of the body.

The real grievance of that part of the Free Kirk which is in favour of the motion is to be found in Dr. CAMERON’s complaint that the Kirk is using its endowments to lure away the flocks of the “Free Churches.” In other words, the Kirk has recovered from the depression of the disruption, and is gaining ground. Therefore, those persons who find their position menaced by her are eager to see her robbed. Their conduct is intelligible. So is the line taken by Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who starts from the premiss that all disestablishment is good. This politician, who so unnecessarily opened his mouth for the first time on the question last Tuesday, is at least bound to believe that a majority of Scotchmen must wish for it before it becomes desirable. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN not only did not prove this, but he went so far as to declare that it could never be proved. The House of Commons has a better opinion of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN’s countrymen than he has. It knows that what a majority of Scotchmen wish they can generally contrive to make absolutely clear. They have not said that they wish for disestablishment, and the House is sufficiently acquainted with “the stomach of that people” not to force it upon them prematurely. After a little more luring away of Free Kirk flocks it will be heard of no more.

A PAINFUL CONTRAST.

IT is truly melancholy to note, in the comparison of two such men as the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, the demoralizing effect of incessant party warfare upon the mind, the style, the whole habit of thought, and the whole cast of its expression. The comparison in question ought to be, however, and is in fact, most instructive. It lends itself admirably to the application of the “methods of agreement and difference,” for in fact the two persons compared resemble each other in so many points that the circumstance of the engagement of the one in, and the disengagement of the other from, the everyday political battle may be said to constitute the one salient point of difference between them. Both the Duke and Mr. MORLEY are men of great natural ability, and of a more or less trained scientific habit; both are well skilled in dialectical fence; both are practised and successful orators; both are possessed, though not, of course, in equal measure, of the power of literary expression. They differ from each other mainly, if not solely, in their way of political life. To both of them it has seemed good to “flee,” though in different senses, “from the press”; but for the last seven or eight years it is the Duke only who has been able to “dwell with soothfastness”; and now when they are heard side by side, or in quick succession one to the other, on a public platform, the differences in thought and speech arising from the

different company they have been keeping become painfully apparent. What the one has gained in fluency by continual practice is much more than outweighed by what he has lost in freshness, in force, in sincerity of utterance. Mr. MORLEY’s speech at Huddersfield (with the exception of its economical part, where the PRIME MINISTER had given him an opening not easy to be missed) was a mere string of cheap, brisk machine-made deliverances on politics, only varied here and there by some such dismal piece of debating-club clap-trap as that “Tories ‘are still against the people, and Radicals still for the ‘people.’” It has scarcely another memorable phrase, unless it be the offer of a “hundred to one that there ‘will be a dissolution before the end of the first week ‘in July’”—a view of the odds which (whether the event comes off or not) should be remembered in considering any of Mr. MORLEY’s confident prognostications on more important political matters.

The Duke of ARGYLL was briefer than Mr. MORLEY, and, in the slang of the day, less “up to date.” But both his ideas and his mode of expressing them have the refreshing distinction of belonging to himself, instead of being the manifestly forced products of the habitual practice of talking down to the level of a mob. In his speech at the Westminster Town Hall the other night there was many a pregnant remark on Liberalism, old and new, on Irish Nationalism, divided and undivided, on Gladstonolatry, and other kindred topics. “There is no man as venerable as the Constitution,” observes the Duke, *à propos* of the last-mentioned matter, to the address of the more abject devotees of a revered statesman; and, though he said that he himself “would never speak in any public assembly about ‘Mr. GLADSTONE without saying that he had the ‘deepest admiration and regard for him,’ he evidently, and quite rightly, holds that, this ceremonial rite performed, he may speak of his late leader with perfect freedom. He refers accordingly, in a spirit of entire unreserve, to the speech made by Mr. GLADSTONE in November 1885, when “he was in a position “which compelled him to see things as they were, “and compelled him also to speak the truth”—admitting, it will be observed, that a gentle violence is necessary, even in the latter case—and wonders that Mr. GLADSTONE’S warning to the constituencies against the consequences of returning a Liberal majority dependent on the Irish vote is “not more “frequently quoted.” We can only say for ourselves that we have quoted it again and again in reply to the Gladstonian assertion that it was the moral impressiveness of the eighty-six Nationalist returns which compelled the surrender to Home Rule; and, indeed, we have never omitted to quote it whenever that peculiarly impudent piece of hypocrisy crops up. The party confession embodied in that speech suggests an even baser than what the Duke of ARGYLL calls that “base definition of Liberalism,” which means that “when you see a great wave of public opinion passing “over the people, you should take care to be at the “top of it.” The Duke, we notice, attributes the definition—we hope incorrectly—to Lord ROSEBURY, who surely, as a man of humour, would never have delivered himself of a maxim so obviously borrowed, and so completely spoilt in the borrowing, from the immortal saying of Mr. PICKWICK, in front of the Town Arms Inn, Eatonswill. To ride “on the top of a great “wave” is a more picturesque, but—seeing that there may be a still greater wave behind it—not nearly so businesslike a recommendation as the advice to “Shout “with the largest” mob.

FRENCH IDEAS.

WHETHER the French are better than ourselves or worse we shall not say. The comparison is found to hurt their feelings, but this much it may be possible to point out without offence, that they are different. We have to thank Mr. BALFOUR for this distinction, and can the better use his formula because with no great exercise it may be made to say all that is necessary to be said. Let it, then, be conceded that French ideas as to the proper method of vindicating the law are different from ours, and then we can point out how, and what appear to us to be the consequences of the difference. It happens that just at present the opportunities for making a comparison are rather exceptionally abundant. These are the case of Mr. DEACON, the affair of Mme. LASSIMONNE, and the outcry over the proposed law on incitements to crime. All show how differently they order matters in France.

Now we have not the smallest intention of going into the history of Mr. DEACON's domestic misfortunes, which is not especially interesting and is rather sordid. We only wish to recall the facts that Mr. DEACON suspected "there was some one in the cave with DIDO," that he went upstairs for a revolver, that he went downwards for the hotel secretary, that he caused the door to be opened, that he went in, that he found the some one under a sofa, which is a comparatively respectable place for a French LOVELACE in danger, that he opened a fusillade on *le séducteur*, and riddled him. All these facts, which are not denied, surely prove that Mr. DEACON killed his man with great deliberation. That is what a Sussex jury would have said if the incident had occurred, say, at the Métropole at Brighton. Now we can conceive a Sussex jury saying "Served him right"; but what we can by no effort of imagination hear it doing is to say that Mr. DEACON did not shoot voluntarily, and did not intend to kill M. ABEILLE. That, however, is precisely what the Nice jury did, and we profess that we do not in the least understand the workings of what it calls its mind. If it thought that Mr. DEACON was right to kill his man—which is a perhaps slightly barbarous, but is distinctly a human, view—then why not let him off? If it thought that this practice of taking private vengeance is uncivilized and liable to abuse, then why find him guilty of unintentional shooting, which to our differently constituted minds does not appear to be an offence at all, and was certainly not the offence committed by Mr. DEACON? It is all a muddle. Again, how can a people which presumably does not deliberately wish to bring the administration of the law into contempt allow a popular playwright to pre-judge the whole question, and tell the judge how he ought to sum up? We wonder vaguely what the late Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN would have said to the late Mr. CHARLES READE if that very clever man's weakness for writing violent letters had led him to compose anything approaching the late amazing diatribe of M. DUMAS fils. But the French are so very different from us. Whether the difference is to their advantage they may perhaps ask themselves when they read of the shooting of Mme. LASSIMONNE, and are informed by M. LASSIMONNE that, if Mme. REYMOND had not saved him the trouble, he thought of shooting his wife and her lover himself. He has still a chance to shoot the lover. Really to be the head of the civilized world, and to have a Code Napoléon which is the envy of surrounding nations, and to settle your domestic squabbles *à la façon de Tennessee*, is to be in a very incoherent state.

Then there is this business about the incitement to crime. We learn, and, though the whole French nation jeer at our ignorance, we learn with surprise, that it is absolutely necessary to bring in a special law to make it possible to arrest a journalist who has written the most violent provocation to crime. All that can be done

with him is to bring an action against him which must last weeks, and may last months. In the interval he is at large, and there is apparently no means of refusing him bail. He is exempt from *la détention préventive*. That this is the case is clear from the fact that M. le Garde des Sceaux RICARD has brought in a Bill to deprive journalists of this privilege. M. RICARD is a good Radical, and one would therefore think that his love of freedom was above question. None the less he has been violently attacked by the Radicals, who have discovered that he intends to bring the press back to the slavery under which it groaned in the days of the Empire. They draw touching pictures of the difficulties likely to be experienced by the publicist who must write with the fear of a *commissaire de police* bearing a warrant ever before his eyes. From this it would appear to follow that, in the opinion of the Radicals, it is the right of the journalist to incite to the perpetration of crime. They would be very angry if they were told so. Then why object when he is made liable to be silenced like anybody else? Here, again, is a difference between English and French ideas. Whether it is to their advantage, the French may ask, after thinking over the kind of journalism which was common before the late dynamite outrages. To judge by the Bill of M. le Garde des Sceaux, they have thought it over and decided for the negative.

MR. STANSFELD'S BILL.

THE excuse of venerable (and also of comic) memory, "Is it not a little one?" could not be pleaded for the rather singular fashion in which the Government, even after, and still more before, Mr. BAUMANN's expostulation, treated Mr. STANSFELD's Bill for doing away with the rating qualification altogether, reducing the time of residence to nothing at all, allowing migration in the airiest manner, and, as it was put by a friendly speaker, making it as difficult to get off and as easy to get on the register as possible. No one of the three Reform Bills which have become law has been so revolutionary in principle as this. Another excuse—that there is not the faintest chance of the measure becoming law this Session, and that if by some hook or crook it got through Committee its friends would not know it—has a certain ironical validity, but can hardly be advanced consistently with dignity or statesmanship. The thing to do in that case would have been to meet it by resolution or amendment, acknowledging that the registration system might be—as it certainly might—improved, but rejecting Mr. STANSFELD's method of improvement, and still more the qualification clauses which accompanied it. The present system by which "moving house" in many, if not most, cases practically disqualifies a man who is a ratepayer all the time, for nearly two years, is not rational, and it is hard to say that it benefits any particular party. It could not pass the wit of man to devise a scheme by which proof of *bonâ fide* residence and direct or indirect ratepaying for twelve months before any election should qualify, and this would be reasonable in itself, and in thorough accord with our old friend the spirit of the Constitution. But to stick the child's pinafore of a registration measure on an ill-favoured strapping loon of a Reform Bill like Mr. STANSFELD's is a proceeding which is not creditable in the promoters, and to accept the present is a proceeding which is not creditable to the Government. Mr. BAUMANN, in his very useful protest, which, with Mr. LOWTHER's original speech in opposition, was the most straightforward in the debate, perhaps exaggerated Sir EDWARD CLARKE's approval of the Bill as it stood. But Mr. BALFOUR and, no doubt, naturally enough, Sir HENRY JAMES to a still greater extent, shut

their eyes in a rather strange manner to the fact that reading the Bill a second time committed those who voted for the reading to something much more than a registration reform. Sir HENRY JAMES'S saying that "Lord GREY carried his Reform Bill when he was "practically in Opposition and not in office" is a cryptic saying which may mean anything or nothing, according to the construction put on that blessed word "practically." But it was quite clear that he, with the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, persisted in seeing a modest registration scheme contributed by a well-meaning private member in what was in effect a new and sweeping Reform Bill introduced by a leader, though only a subordinate leader, of a very active and certainly not over-friendly Opposition.

The fact is that the whole principle of the Bill (which, and not the details, is supposed to be affirmed by the second reading) is utterly and radically opposed to every principle hitherto accepted, not merely by Tories, but by moderate Liberals, and even by some moderate Radicals, as governing the distribution of the suffrage. Every previous Reform Bill has recognized the qualification entitling to the suffrage as lying in the fact of being a property-owner, a householder, or a holder of part of a house, with the direct or indirect obligation to contribute to the local expenses which such owning or holding imposes. The various extensions have widened the range, but never affected the essence, of this qualification. Mr. STANSFELD'S proposals practically abolish it at a blow. Mr. LOWTHER was absolutely correct in saying that it may substitute personal for local representation; Mr. BAUMANN was not too epigrammatic in saying that it introduced "manhood suffrage with three months' "proof of existence." And the SOLICITOR-GENERAL himself, in the very act of imposing an ambiguous blessing on the Bill, showed that it would be possible under it for any employer of labour (we do not think that even this restriction is necessary) to swamp a constituency where parties were closely matched by the simple expedient of importing an extra gang or two of labourers for a few weeks before Midsummer from another constituency where his party had a good majority to spare. To read such a Bill as this a second time on the plea of thereby signifying an assent to the proposition that the present registration system is unnecessarily cumbrous and obstructive seems to us, we confess, to be taking political matters with something more than a due freedom from excessive seriousness. And the Tootsian consolation "It's of no consequence" does not make matters much better.

THE WIRE-PULLER AND THE PEER.

AMERICAN political slang was at one time very fond of talking about carrying the war into Africa. Mr. SCHNADHORST and Lord ROSEBURY have been carrying the war into Africa, but they may discover that they have committed the oversight which DANIEL WEBSTER pointed out in the conduct of a person who invaded him. They have forgotten that, when the war was carried into Africa, HANNIBAL was absent. Now DANIEL WEBSTER was at home, and so is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as the invaders who have beaten up his quarters at Birmingham will doubtless learn before long. Of the two, it is not Mr. SCHNADHORST who will give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the best run. His merits as an organizer of victory we shall leave his friends to estimate and the result to show; but this we can confidently assert, that the tone of his oratory before battle is not inspiring. It is very orthodox to declare that there is "something like a scandal" in the continued existence of a Government "in the face of a

"hostile public opinion," and equally orthodox to take it for granted that public opinion is necessarily hostile to parties which do without Mr. GLADSTONE. But when it comes to producing the evidence that public opinion is what it ought to be, Mr. SCHNADHORST is very measured. The supply of candidates sound in wind and limb is not inferior, in quantity or quality, to the gang offered by the rival trader, and is thoroughly well broken in. This is much; but still, if any section of our friends is unprepared we shall be beaten. That is the sum and substance of Mr. SCHNADHORST'S address. It sounds a little like the psalm-singing before Bothwell Brig. It wants confidence.

Lord ROSEBURY was much more lively. He is, indeed, thawing as he comes South. At Edinburgh he was silly, and also portentously solemn. At Birmingham he was only silly. By the time he reaches London he may be the Lord ROSEBURY we thought we knew. We say thought, because really it is hard to shake off doubts how far that reputation for cleverness which he enjoyed was due to judicious silence. It will certainly not survive many more such speeches as these last two. There was cleverness of a sort—a rather impudent condescending kind—in Lord ROSEBURY'S fluent variations on the stock platitudes, "the Liberal is the friend of the people; the mark of a Liberal is that he votes for Mr. GLADSTONE; it is always wicked to vote with Tories; "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a traitor." He was perfectly right in believing that simple propositions of this kind are likely to do his party more good than talk about principles or measures. These, indeed, are very dangerous matters to meddle with. It is safer to sing "We are going in solid for the Grand Old Man," and to assert that an overwhelming majority of the country is in favour of Home Rule.

Still there is a danger in this style of speaking; for, clever as Lord ROSEBURY may think it, he cannot well say that he was only bamboozling Birmingham when he is asked—as, after all, he is liable to be asked where he must answer—what he means by saying that the country is converted to Home Rule, and also what he means by Home Rule. It was all very well to say at Birmingham to the intelligent Liberal who only wants to be asked to "go in solid," that Mr. GLADSTONE does not keep his Irish measure back—he only does not preach to the converted. "Liberal" Birmingham may listen in open-mouthed admiration when Lord ROSEBURY, with all the authority of a doctor in constitutional learning, explains that Mr. GLADSTONE really cannot tell us anything about his Bill because, as he is in a minority in the House of Commons, he cannot move a resolution with any prospect of success. But, after all, there are people in England who know, and can explain to others, that nobody wants Mr. GLADSTONE to move a resolution or resolutions in the House. All he is asked to do is to say whether the Home Rule which Messrs. REDMOND, DILLON, O'BRIEN, MCCARTHY, and HEALY are at one in declaring is the minimum of what they will accept. Is it to carry entire independence of the Imperial Parliament; are Irish members to continue to sit at Westminster; is the Irish Parliament to have the control of the police; is it to have all the rights of a Colonial Legislature; to maintain a military or a naval force, and to impose protective dues on imports? It is quite possible to say yes or no on all these points without moving a resolution in the House. Now, either Lord ROSEBURY knows this or he does not. If he does, what is the proper description of his speech at Birmingham? If he does not—who wrote *Pitt*? Perhaps a ghost. Perhaps it is the real Lord ROSEBURY who wrote the *Pitt*, and the ghost which has been squeaking and gibbering at Edinburgh and Birmingham.

THE FARMERS' CLUB AND SMALL HOLDINGS.

IT is a pity that the lectures and debates of the Farmers' Club are not more widely circulated and read, for nowhere are matters agricultural treated with larger knowledge or such impartial style. The Central Chamber of Agriculture is, no doubt, the most important and influential body, containing as it does many members of both Houses of Parliament, through whom, and by its deputations to Ministers, it can, and does, frequently make its voice heard throughout the land. But its discussions, interesting as they often are, labour under the comparative disadvantage of being carried on chiefly by delegates from various affiliated societies in the country, men who come expressly to declare and uphold views which may be their own, but which must be those of the deputing local associations. There may be gain in weight, but there is loss in individuality; whereas the Farmers' Club is, like all other clubs, purely self-elected, and at their monthly meetings its members fight, so to speak, each for his own hand, and proclaim the opinions formed from their experience with an outspokenness necessarily absent from platforms, where it is wise to shout more or less with the mob, or where the shouting has to be done to order. Thus it comes to pass that the Small Holdings Bill has, perhaps, never been so closely and clearly analysed, so fairly and freely discussed, as it was at the last spring gathering of the Farmers' Club. The author of the paper then read was Mr. S. B. Druce, the Secretary, who long ago made the subject peculiarly his own, and who is one of our leading authorities on the "petite culture"; hence it is all the more to be regretted that words of such excellent wisdom should have such a comparatively limited audience.

The conclusion at which Mr. Druce has arrived is that of most people who have studied this question from a point of view outside party politics and sentiment—namely, that the Act, except as an interesting experiment, is foredoomed to failure, chiefly on account of the actual cost to the investor, since the incidental expenses, apart from payment of first deposit and subsequent instalments of interest and principal, are likely to be far heavier than contemplated by the benevolent founder of the scheme. For the County Council having acquired the land may—and if of a progressive turn probably will—proceed to "adapt" it by dividing, fencing, making occupation roads, draining, and even by executing works for the supply of water, at what cost those may well guess who are acquainted with the liberal expenditure of public officials. Now, everybody knows that at present, when by private arrangement a labourer rents a small holding—which there is far less difficulty in doing than the Radicals would have us believe—he performs the various processes of adaptation which he thinks necessary after his own fashion, and with the assistance of his landlord, cheaply and somewhat roughly it may be, but still efficiently, for both parties agree upon what is wanted, and know how to set about it. Another difficulty of the future will be the almost insuperable one of selecting the right men from a number of applicants. A landlord can find out personal details which would be un-get-at-able by a Committee of Council. Setting aside these drawbacks, it may be admitted that the fixed payments (which, after all, are the same thing as a rent for a great many years), if correctly calculated by Mr. Druce as working out at from 2*l.* to 30*s.* an acre, will not appear very formidable in the eyes of the men for whose benefit the Act is intended. A labourer's notion of rent when he has land to let is 2*l.* an acre; if he purposes hiring, as much less as he can persuade the owner to take; but the charges above mentioned certainly would not frighten him. The payments, however, about which he at present knows nothing, and which will fairly astonish him when brought face to face with them, are rates, tithes, and land-tax, as to which the Bill is silent, and which must be supposed to follow what we may call the course of nature; indeed Mr. Druce stated that, as far as tithes are concerned, this may be taken for granted.

Most of the speakers who followed, including such well-known men as Mr. Rowlandson, Mr. Carrington Smith, &c., equally held the opinion that the Bill would prove unworkable, advancing in support various important facts and arguments, the chief dissentient being Mr. Sapwell, of Aylsham, who took a far more hopeful and indulgent view of the situation, cited several instances of men who have prospered greatly on small holdings (mostly rented land), and mentioned one astounding case of an old lady of eighty,

whom he had seen in Holland some few years ago, and who was said to have made 25,000*l.* out of a 20 acre holding. If this be really a fact the problem is solved. What need have we of any further witness? A most smiling picture rises before us, and it only remains for the Lords to pass the Bill through their House as quickly as possible, and, with a shove from the County rates, start a happy peasantry on a royal road to fortune.

The speech, however, of the evening at the Farmers' Club was, as Mr. Druce frankly confessed, that of the Chairman. Mr. Clare Sewell Read is celebrated for his knowledge of agriculture and for his method of discoursing thereon. Something of a pessimist he needs must be; he has farmed too long and too well not to be aware that the present outlook for farmers in England is far from bright, and he never hesitates to say so; yet through the gloom of his utterances runs a vein of grim humour which is irresistible, and his hearers are constantly moved to laughter, while not a muscle of his face relaxes into a smile. Though flavoured with his usual pungency, the account was serious enough which he gave of a large experiment in small holdings wherein he had himself been concerned.

Many people have heard of the Labourers' and Small Farmers' Land Company, started seven years ago for the multiplication of small holdings, with an adequate capital and under circumstances quite exceptionally favourable, for Lord Wantage, the chief promoter of the enterprise, gave to the Company a farm near Lambourne of 411 acres. The results are as discouraging as, we believe, they are little known. The principal sale effected was of 244 acres of down, which was readily enough disposed of for a race-course, says Mr. Read, though probably he meant training-ground, a deal which could have been carried out just as easily without the formation of a Company. Of the remaining 167 acres, after 1,000*l.* had been expended on fencing, building, &c., two small lots were sold on deferred payment; one of the purchasers—a Scotchman who is described as combining the industry and perseverance of his race with a power of living almost as cheaply as a Chinaman—having been eventually offered to the Select Committee of the House of Commons as "our little ewe lamb"—a successful small farmer. Much the same results followed the purchase of land in Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, and Essex; a dividend of 5 per cent. on the first year rapidly dwindled to 2 per cent., and last year there was no dividend at all. Yet the board and management of this Company seem to have been unimpeachable, and it started, as has been explained, with advantages such as no County Council, even with compulsory powers of the most stringent nature, could hope to possess.

Mr. Read, Mr. Druce, and their friends of the Farmers' Club may possibly be altogether mistaken, as we trust they are; but, while most of us will agree with the Chairman that "this Bill will do the greatest amount of good and the least possible harm that any legislation founded upon sentiment and philanthropy, and with no economic basis, possibly can do," we cannot but gravely share the fear expressed in his peroration, that "My right hon. friend the President of the Board of Agriculture and the Imperial Parliament will eventually discover that Dame Nature's laws are irresistible, and that Earth will pronounce upon Small Holdings in this Free-trade country her eternal 'No.'"

AT CHRISTIE'S AND SOTHEY'S.

ALTHOUGH last Saturday's sale at Christie's possessed some features of interest and produced some high prices, the talk of collectors has been all about the late Mr. Richard Fisher's superb collection of prints. They were on view during several days at a dealer's in Green Street, and subsequently at Sotheby's sale-room in Wellington Street, where they excited the deepest admiration of all who understand such delicate wares and of many besides. The contrast between Christie's lordly halls, with their fashionable throng of sightseers, and the quiet, small, upping chamber, approached by a steep stairway from the street-door, in which five or six spectacled, and for the most part elderly, gentlemen were bending their backs to pry into portfolios, was very marked. Sotheby's does not look lively. No crowd is ever seen there. There is no applause when a fine lot is put up and reaches a high figure;

for the simple reason that half a dozen or a dozen buyers cannot make so much noise. Every auction-room with its pulpit and its clerk's desk looks like a church, more or less; Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge, by the simplicity and plainness of their fittings, and by the staid decorum of their attendants and customers, seem to run a conventicle of some small sect of particular exclusivists. Yet here, on occasion, you will see hundreds and thousands bid for a snuffy-looking book, or a few scratches by Rembrandt, and here only in London a man who wants to invest in illuminated manuscripts, the most charming of all the collector's toys, has a chance of gratifying his desire at the expense of his purse. It used to be a sight to see the late Mr. Addington walk out of that narrow doorway with four or five little volumes under his arm, each of which had just cost him from 250*l.* to 300*l.*

There was, no doubt, a tale to be told about the Egremont pictures had there been any one to tell it. There are plenty of pictures at Petworth still, but these never were at Petworth, and came from two houses which belonged to the Wyndhams in the west country. There they had lain neglected and forgotten ever since the death of George, last Earl of Egremont, in 1845, and they were none the better for their seclusion, though, as usual, the Gainsboroughs stood it better than the Reynoldses. The sale commenced with a few foreign pictures, of which only one, a Nattier, was of importance. It represented "Mademoiselle Victoire," a daughter of Louis XV., and went for 1,123*l.* 10*s.* It was hoped it might find its way into the National Gallery, where old French art is so poorly represented, but it has probably gone abroad. Gainsborough's portrait of Charles Frederick Abel, a German musician, with a very Jewish face and excessively bejewelled, with his viol and his dog, was very fresh, though it was first exhibited in 1777. It was sold for 1,470*l.* Raphael Franco, a Fenchurch Street merchant, was represented with a view of London in the background, a good Gainsborough and in good preservation, but only fetched 882*l.* There was also a sketch for a Blue Boy, which, had it been finished, might have rivalled "Master Jonathan Buttall." It cannot, considering its slightness, be esteemed very cheap at 1,302*l.* A delightful smiling portrait, called, of course, "Kitty Fisher," by Hogarth, only went to 199*l.* 10*s.* The portraits by Reynolds were all but one cracked and blistered past hope; but "Mrs. Blake" sold for 1,050*l.*, and a portrait of the artist for 294*l.* A Romney brought up the rear. It was both pretty and well kept. It represented the mother of the last Lord Egremont, and sold for 1,260*l.*

The prices of the prints were not, of course, like these; yet it was enough to make an outsider stare to see a little scrap of paper impressed with a design by Beham run up to 17*l.* 10*s.* It was a Madonna of great rarity, no doubt, only one other impression being known; but it was very little larger than two postage-stamps, and, as some one observed, the price given would have covered it half an inch deep in gold. Another little print, two inches by one, fetched 5*l.* It represented a group of ladies and gentlemen enjoying an outdoor entertainment, with a buffoon whispering his philosophy to them from the background—Touchstone and his audience did not come into being for half a century more, at least, or we might have taken this for an illustration of *As You Like It*.

The late Mr. Fisher had long been known as an ardent but very fastidious collector of engravings, and the ranks of English buyers were largely supplemented at his sale by a foreign contingent. The Albert Dürers came on upon Tuesday, but the collection was not by any means confined to his work and that of his pupils. Every school was represented, and in nearly every case by the best examples. The Rembrandts and the Marc-Antonios were perhaps the chief features, but it would not have been easy to excel the Schongauers or the Van Meckenens. As the sale went on all the week we must reserve a final account of it, but may note here the extraordinary price given for Dürer's print of "Adam and Eve." It was certainly a fine impression. The catalogue described it as "on paper with the ox-head water-mark, of unusual beauty and brilliancy." It had also a long pedigree, having passed through some famous portfolios before it received the kingfisher stamp, with which its late owner marked his prints. A very perfect impression, just twenty years ago, fetched in these rooms what was thought an extravagant price, 56*l.* But people who knew considered it very likely this price would be doubled. They were right,

but not altogether right; for when the print was put up it speedily reached 100*l.*, and was not knocked down until more than four times that sum had been offered; and it was finally sold to a Berlin dealer for 410*l.* After this the "Knight of Death" at 100*l.*, the "Melencolia" at 39*l.*, and the "Arms with the Skull" at 42*l.*, seemed cheap by comparison.

THE WEATHER.

THERE has been no marked change to chronicle, the depressions which have passed over us having been slight and shallow. The weather for the whole week has maintained its almost summerlike character, and, except in the extreme north of Scotland, on Saturday and Sunday nights, the thermometer has kept well above the freezing-point. At the very end of the week we hear of extreme heat in some parts of the Continent. Rain has fallen pretty copiously in the west, but farmers in the east of England are still anxiously longing for it. On Thursday and Friday, May 19 and 20, two of the depressions above mentioned crossed Scotland in quick succession, and brought rain to the northern stations, especially to those in Ireland. On Monday morning a depression of considerable importance showed itself off the west coast of Ireland, with freshening southerly winds and a fall of about half an inch of rain all along the coast as far up as the Clyde stations. This system passed up northwards, carrying its rain with it, and a full inch was measured at Stornoway on Tuesday morning. That night another small system followed in the rear of that just mentioned, and lay over Ireland on Wednesday morning. This disturbance was heralded by solar halos at several stations, and it brought at last thunderstorms; several of these were reported during the early hours of Wednesday, with heavy rain at Loughborough; we hear of a steeple in Derby being struck and knocked down. On Wednesday night thunderstorms again came on, and were more severe than on the previous night. In London about an inch of rain fell, and at several other stations half that amount was collected. The maximum temperature in these islands has only risen above 70° since Sunday, and as yet only in London and at Cambridge and Loughborough. Wednesday was a very warm day, the thermometer rising in London to 78°, at Cambridge to 80°, and at Greenwich Observatory to 84°. Over the south-west of France and in Portugal great heat has set in. On Friday last 88° was recorded at Lisbon, on Sunday 86° at Rochefort, and on Tuesday 90° at Rochefort, and 91° at Biarritz. Some rain fell in North Germany on Thursday last, but apparently none has come to France as yet.

The sun record for the week is low. Guernsey comes first with 67 per cent. of total duration, but from a photographic recorder. The only other station reaching 50 per cent. was Jersey. St. Leonards came near it with 49.

THE THEATRES.

A PART from the entertainment afforded by the travestie *The Poet and the Puppets*, suggested by *Lady Windermere's Fan*, which has been produced at the Comedy Theatre, the occasion has interest as showing that in Mr. Charles Brookfield the comedian we have a writer for the stage with a very pretty wit. The "Poet" here introduced has no name; but it would be affection to assume, in face of the way in which Mr. Brookfield makes him talk and Mr. Charles Hawtrey makes him look, that any other than Mr. Oscar Wilde is intended; and of course in a travestie a satirist may properly rate Mr. Oscar Wilde as a poet. Here we find him speaking precisely the sort of paradoxes which he puts into the mouth of the characters in the St. James's play, such admirable examples of the original style that it is impossible not to be amused. Only the success of such an experiment can justify it; indeed, reflecting on the matter, it is obvious that too free a license in representing living personages on the stage—and here we have Messrs. Pinero, H. A. Jones, Ibsen, Bancroft, as well as Mr. Beerbohm Tree in Hamlet—might readily lead to mischievous results. Mr. Brookfield seems to be fully aware of this; for on the title-page of the printed copy of *The Poet and the Puppets* he inscribes the question "Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in it?"

and the assurance, "No! no! they do but jest, no offence 't' the world." In this practical age there are two ways of looking at a caricature. One of these ways is as an advertisement, and it is convenient, as well as probably remunerative, thus to regard the matter; besides which, any one who can give an occasion for a hearty laugh is a benefactor whose methods claim charitable consideration. There is certainly something delightfully quaint about the "Poet," who, with supreme self-satisfaction, gently murmurs, as he toys with his cigarette, "I'm really and truly afraid I work too hard. I don't nurse myself nearly as tenderly as I should. I am so foolishly fertile. I ought to follow the example of the aloe, and present to the world once in a hundred years an exquisite leaflet crimson with song"; for the "Poet," it should be added, is one of the Immortals. As for his reproof to the Fairy, who talks in rhymed couplets—"My dear child, now do be nice and natural and charming! It is such a mistake to introduce anything so prosaic as verse into anything so poetical as everyday life"—and his answer to her question what kind of plays and actors he is going to invent—"Oh! they must all be well-known ones. I can't afford to invent anything that isn't well known and successful"—the first might have been in the play itself, and the second has just the shade of exaggeration that gives it double point. This opening scene could not well be better, and the parody of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, when that is reached, is humorously sustained. Mr. Brookfield's imitation of Mr. Tree's Hamlet is particularly good, and Mr. Hawtrey's delivery of a song in the manner of Mr. Rutland Barrington shows a quaint power of mimicry. The music serves its purpose. Altogether, the parody is singularly fresh and bright.

Forget-Me-Not, the very effective play by Messrs. Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove, has been revived at the Avenue Theatre. It deserves far better treatment than it receives. Miss Janet Achurch as the adventuress, Stephanie de Mohrivart, over-emphasizes points of speech and action in a manner that would be ludicrous were it not irritating, and Mr. Carrington shows with great success how very badly it is possible to act so clearly defined a character as that of Sir Horace Welby. We are disposed to regret the very complete failure to do justice to this work, which is abundantly interesting when adequately presented, for relief from the arrant absurdities of *A Doll's House*, which it replaces, was highly desirable. While learning many stage tricks, Miss Achurch has forgotten how to be natural; she exhibits no broad comprehension of the part of Mme. de Mohrivart, and is tediously extravagant in its details.

The virulence of the *matinée* fever appears to have somewhat subsided. The judicious critic has learned to avoid all those performances which are not franked by some well-known name of author or actor; but the morning air seems to have a malign influence over the *matinée* production, even when players of position take part in it. Attracted by the names of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Winifred Emery, and other well-known actors and actresses, we visited the Criterion to see *Agatha*, a piece by Mr. Isaac Henderson. The company engaged would have done ample justice to worthy work, but *Agatha* is naught. Very bad plays very badly acted are the staple commodities of the *matinée*, as a rule which has singularly few exceptions to it. The main result of the *matinée* system has been to show that the legends of hordes of "unacted dramatists" with works of genius in their desks are entirely unfounded.

The revival of *Peril* at the Haymarket has proved a decided success, acted as it is by so first-rate a company. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the part of Sir Woodbine Grafton, portrays the eccentric old gentleman with his eccentricities more marked than ever, and never fails to call forth the appreciation of his audience when he appears on the scene. Miss Julia Neilson, as Lady Ormond, fully displays all the grace and power of her acting. The passion and force in her boudoir scene show what she can do. Mr. Allan makes a first-rate Dr. Thornton. Mr. Macklin and Mr. Fred Terry make the most of the parts of Sir George Ormond and Captain Bradford; and Miss Rose Leclercq and Mr. Kemble play Mr. and Mrs. Crossley Beck with much humour.

Hamlet is to be replaced on and after Monday next by *Peril* in the evening, though morning performances will be given of *Hamlet* every Wednesday and Saturday.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's first performances in *Hamlet* were scarce equal, as we now know, to his conception of the part. This was natural, and, as Mr. Tree is an artist, it was also

natural that in time the execution should match the conception. The monotony which was not unjustly at first complained of has disappeared, and the varied phases of the character are rendered with the subtlety and insight that the part demands. Mr. Tree's Hamlet is now a very fine and well-executed interpretation of what is perhaps the most difficult part in Shakspeare's plays. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree acts Ophelia with all the grace and tenderness that are so well known. Mr. Terry's Laertes, as before, is fiery and convincing. The diminution of the waits between the acts is a great improvement.

MONEY MATTERS.

AN association has been formed at Simla, chiefly consisting, we believe, of Anglo-Indian officials, to promote the adoption of a gold standard in India. There is no dispute that Anglo-Indians have suffered much from the depreciation of silver. Twenty years ago the rupee was worth nearly 2s. of our money; now it is worth little more than 1s. 3d.—that is to say, whereas twenty years ago about 10 rupees exchanged for a sovereign, now it takes almost as many as 16 rupees to exchange for the same English coin. It is true that the purchasing power of the rupee in India has not depreciated to anything like the same extent. Apparently the silver prices of commodities in India have not risen so much as materially to affect that portion of the incomes of Anglo-Indians spent in the country; but they lose heavily on the rupees they remit home either for the purpose of educating their families or for other purposes, such as investment. The Indian Civil Service is one of the most admirable the world has ever seen, and every fair complaint made by it is deserving of the kindest consideration. But, while we sympathize fully with the Indian Civil Service, and allow all its merits, we must not forget that a Civil Service exists for the country it serves, not the country for the Service, and therefore when the Service calls for a profound change we are bound to ask what will be the effect upon the country generally. It is impossible to show that the present monetary system seriously injures India generally; for if the import trade is harmed, the export trade is benefited, and the advantages and disadvantages thus counterbalance one another. Furthermore, if the Government has suffered a disadvantage through the loss by exchange, it has benefited from the prosperity of the export trade, the steady investment of British capital, the foundation of new industries, and the growth of population. Moreover, India has long been one of the largest consumers of silver in the world; and it is certain that the amount of silver held in India, in the form of ornaments and the like, is almost inconceivable. If the Government were to adopt a gold standard, silver would thereby be still more depreciated than it is, and surely it seems clear that so poor a country as India cannot afford a great loss upon so enormous an amount of silver, and at the same time incur the great cost of replacing it by gold. The adoption of the gold standard by India might lead to the demonetization of silver all over Europe, and even in America, and might send the price of the metal down beyond anything yet dreamt of. If so, the loss to India must be enormous, and the political results might be of the most serious character. We have difficulties enough in India already without thus creating a fresh difficulty that might prove worse than anything we have had yet to face—might, in fact, shake our rule to its very foundations. If the Indian Civil Servants be not properly paid, let them ask for a revision of salaries. That is a just proposal, but let us be careful not lightly to encourage an adventure the end of which we cannot foresee.

The money market is, if possible, easier than ever. Short loans are lent at from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the discount rate in the open market is only $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for three months' bills, and 1 per cent. for six months' bills; and at the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, the banks lent at an average of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Some of the banks, and it is said also the India Council, actually lent at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. On the Continent the over-abundance of money is increasing, the Bank of Belgium and the Bank of the Netherlands having followed the example of the Bank of France, reducing their rates to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The silver market is exceedingly quiet, and even the bimetalists are for the moment not active. The price of

silver, which opened for the week at 40 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per oz., declined by successive steps on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday to 40 $\frac{1}{8}$ d. per oz.

In the early part of the week the American market was exceedingly depressed, especially Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Atchison, and Erie securities were very low, and it looked as if there would be a serious break. The weakness was entirely due to New York, and was occasioned partly by the floods in the Mississippi, partly by the financial difficulties of the Northern Pacific, and partly by the reorganization plan of the Atchison. We do not ourselves think the reorganization plan unfavourable. At present there are 80 million dollars nominal, or 16 millions sterling, of so-called Income bonds—bonds, that is, which may or may not get any interest in a particular year. If the earnings allow it, and the Directors choose, 5 per cent. may be paid, otherwise nothing may be paid. The proposal is to substitute an equal nominal amount of Second Mortgage bonds. At first the interest is to be 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but it is to be increased in the course of four years to 4 per cent. It will be seen that there is a very considerable reduction in the problematical rate of interest, but on the other hand the mortgage interest must be paid, or the bondholders may foreclose, and sell the line. There are also to be 20 million dollars, or 4 millions sterling, of Four per Cent. Second Mortgage bonds created for working capital.

In other departments business has been very quiet, but prices have been fairly well maintained. For the moment, although investors are buying, the banks are not investing their unemployed funds as freely as a fortnight ago. To some extent, no doubt, this is due to the imminence of the dissolution, and probably also to the coming fêtes at Nancy; but the difficulty of employing their money will compel the banks to invest, and the general public is sure to go on buying. We are inclined to expect, therefore, that, though political incidents may for the moment cause a temporary pause or even decline, there will be a steady advance in all first-class securities, such as Consols, India Sterling stocks, Colonial stocks, Debenture and Preference stocks. There will also be an advance in Home Railway stocks, American bonds, and bonds of the better class of South American and Indian railways. The investor, therefore, who buys judiciously now will probably do well; but he ought to exercise care in selecting the securities he purchases. It may be thought that the depression in trade will lower Home Railway Ordinary stocks; but we do not expect very much decline, because the investor who sells will have a difficulty in selecting any other stock giving as good a return and equally safe.

The rise in good securities from the steady large investment demand continues. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 97 $\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$; Metropolitan Board of Works Three per Cent. stock closed at 103 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; New South Wales Three and a Half closed at 96 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$, and New Zealand Three and a Half closed at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the Home Railway market there has been a general advance, as we anticipated, owing to speculative selling by Stock Exchange operators when it was clear the public were investing. The largest rise has been, no doubt, chiefly speculative. Brighton A closed on Thursday afternoon at 156 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, but the other stocks advanced on *bond fide* investment buying. No doubt, also, those who sold speculatively have been buying back. Great Western closed on Thursday at 164 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; Midland closed at 159 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; London and North-Western closed at 175 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$; and North-Eastern closed at 155 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the American market there has been a sharp fall in some of the more speculative securities. Thus Erie Ordinary shares closed on Thursday afternoon at 28 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; and the Preference shares closed at 69, a fall of 4. But there has been a recovery in Union Pacific shares; they closed on Thursday at 42 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2. All these are speculative, and unsuited, therefore, to the investor; and the same might have been said of Atchison Income bonds, although now they are to be converted into Mortgage bonds. On the first rumours of the conversion there was a

sharp fall; since the definite scheme has been announced there has been a recovery. They closed on Thursday at 59 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 3 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the safe dividend-paying shares there has been a further advance. Lake Shore closed at 137 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Louisville and Nashville, of course, cannot compare with Lake Shore, though it is doing well, in spite of the depression in the South, and ought to have a bright future before it. The shares closed on Thursday afternoon at 78 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$. There has been little change in the week in Argentine Government bonds; but generally the railway stocks have further advanced. Central Argentine closed on Thursday at 66-8, a rise of 1; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 133-5, also a rise of 1; and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 74-6, a rise of 3. Amongst foreign stocks, Spanish advanced as much as 2 $\frac{3}{4}$, closing on Thursday at 66 $\frac{9}{16}$; Russian closed at 96 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; French Rentes closed at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. It will be noticed that French Threes are now very nearly at the same quotation as our own Consols. German Three per Cent. fully-paid Scrip closed at 86 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 1.

THE OPERA.

THE polyglot entertainment at Covent Garden Theatre, which is still known by the name of "Royal Italian Opera," justified its claim to an epithet which has long ceased to be suitable by the production last Monday evening of the second opera of Pietro Mascagni, a work which only saw the light in Rome last winter. The management is not entitled to much praise for its astuteness in so soon producing the new work, for it is safe to assert that, if the composer's *Cavalleria Rusticana* had not proved such a success to Signor Lago at the Shaftesbury, Sir Augustus Harris would have seen nothing in *L'Amico Fritz* to induce him to bring it forward. The merits of the new opera are such as appeal almost entirely to the musician, and it is noticeably wanting in opportunities of mere vulgar display. The introduction in the second act of a carriage and pair of horses, and of two unhappy live pigeons tied to a dovecote, are the only examples in the mounting of that fondness for "realism" which has always characterized managers of the Crummles school, and these are very small sins against good taste compared to some of the vagaries of the Covent Garden stage management of late years. *L'Amico Fritz* was so fully noticed in these columns on the occasion of its first production that it is unnecessary now to enter into details with regard to either music or libretto. The book is quite undramatic and wanting in incident, and thus presents a marked contrast to its predecessor. But in spite of this, and in spite of a certain heaviness of touch which was only to be expected in the treatment of so delicate and idyllic a subject by a composer of Signor Mascagni's antecedents, the work undoubtedly marks an advance upon *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It is less unequal, and better sustained in musical interest, and there are none of those irritating full closes in the acts which in the earlier opera constantly stop the flow of the music. Nearly the whole of the second act is charming, and the entry of Suzel in the first act, and the concluding scene, are almost equally good. The recitative is often dull, and the composer's striving after originality by constant change of rhythm and key is at times too apparent. But the music is almost entirely free from vulgarity, and it is grateful and well-written for the voices. The orchestration is occasionally rather overpowering, and in some places whole sentences were inaudible, though this may possibly have been the fault of the orchestra, which was at times rather rough. With this exception, the performance was exceedingly good. Mme. Calvé, the original creator of the part of Suzel, is an artist of the highest merit. Her voice has a mezzo-soprano timbre; but her high notes are excellent, and the art she displayed in gradually ending a passage, in Act ii., with a *diminuendo* on a high C sharp, and (in Act iii.) in descending two octaves with a sudden *pianissimo* from a *crescendo* leading up to a high C natural, showed her as finished a vocalist as her touching acting in her scene with the Rabbi at the end of Act ii. proved her a fine dramatic artist. A charming appearance adds much to her attractiveness; and altogether she is a most valuable acquisition to the company. Signor de Lucia, the Fritz, has not a particularly pleasant voice;

but as a singer he is a good representative of a bad school, and he infused much passion into his part. The David of M. Dufriche was excellent, and the Beppe of Signorina Giulia Ravogli was equally good, the ease with which she wore a man's dress and the appropriateness of her by-play being especially noticeable. The other parts are mere nonentities, and were all adequately filled. The violin solo, with its suggestion of gipsy melodies, which is a conspicuous feature in Act i., was performed behind the scenes by Mr. Carrodus, who would do well to try to infuse a little more devilry into his playing. It was very staid and sober, and very unlike a gipsy performance. *L'Amico Fritz* was received with every sign of success. It is improbable that it will attain the popularity of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, but it shows signs of progress, and gives promise of better things, and that, in these days of operatic sterility, is a subject for thankfulness.

Of the performances of last week there is little to be said. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with Mme. Calvé as Santuzza, showed that it is still as much a favourite with the public as last winter. The introduction of some foolish business in the opening scene, for which there is no warrant in the book, is a gratuitous impertinence to the librettists and composer; and what is to be said of a stage-manager who introduces a distribution of palms to the crowd outside the church on Easter Day! The ignorance which does not know that such a ceremony is confined to Palm Sunday is fearful to contemplate. *Philémon et Baucis*, a charming early work of Gounod's, is too slight for so large a stage as that of Covent Garden, though it served to show that excellent artist M. Plançon to advantage as Jupiter. In *Faust* Mme. Eames and M. Van Dyck repeated their fine impersonations of last year, and in Gluck's *Orfeo*, Signorina Giulia Ravogli triumphed over her surroundings, and held the house spellbound by her wonderfully fine acting of the scene where Orpheus recovers Eurydice. The mounting of the work is deplorable. The Elysian Fields are represented by a scene used in a Drury Lane pantomime some years ago; the dresses and appearance of the chorus occasioned general mirth, and the stage-management of the scene with the Furies was so bad that its effect was entirely lost. The gambols of Miss Mabel Love—who replaces Mlle. Palladino as *première danseuse*—are quite out of place, and were received with solemn silence.

THE MAMMOTH IN LONDON.

TWO or three months since some new sewers were constructed in the neighbourhood of Endsleigh Gardens and Gordon Square. In the cutting at Endsleigh Street the "made ground" was six feet thick; beneath it came about ten feet of yellowish-brown clay, containing pieces of flint and chalk, and the concretionary lumps locally called "race." Under this was about five feet of sand and gravel, at the bottom of which was a layer of clayey loam about a foot thick. In this, just above the "London clay," part of an elephant's tusk was found. Information reached the ears of Dr. H. Hicks, Secretary of the Geological Society, who suggested further investigations. A considerable number of bones were thus obtained; there is, however, little doubt that many others were left in the ground, parts of which were already covered by masonry. Since that time Dr. Hicks, with the help of Mr. E. T. Newton and Mr. Clement Reid, has been identifying the bones and collecting information about the deposits in which they were found; on Wednesday last the results of their labours were communicated to the Geological Society.

The bones for the most part, as already said, were found in a clayey loam, which also contained the seeds of plants. These, however, do not help much in determining the climate of the Thames Valley at the epoch of the mammoth; for they belong to plants which are usual near ponds and in marshy places, and range from the Arctic circle to the south of Europe. The bones, as is very common in these discoveries in old river-drifts, belong to more than one animal. They represent a small rodent, the red-deer, the fossil-horse, and two mammoths. Of these one was full-grown, but of it little more has been recovered than two large fragments of a tusk which, when perfect, must have been about thirteen feet long. The other was about half-grown; to it belong a very perfect lower jaw and some limb bones. Probably they were drowned, either by breaking

through the surface of a frozen river, or in a sudden flood, which stranded the bodies where they were found, for the deposit in which the bones were lying is not such as to suggest that the animals were mired. Other ossuaries have been found on a yet larger scale in these old river gravels. A most remarkable case, for instance, was described to the Geological Society in 1879 by the Rev. O. Fisher. A single pit near Barrington, in the valley of the Rhee, a few miles from Cambridge, furnished the remains of more than twenty individuals, representing thirteen species of mammals, among these being a hippopotamus, a rhinoceros, and another species of elephant (*E. antiquus*), as well as the mammoth.

The Endsleigh Street discovery is, however, very far from the first occurrence of this animal in the London area, and its remains in several cases have been associated with relics of man. The first on record, before 1715, was only about half a mile away—the well-known flint implement, "found with elephant's tooth, opposite to black Mary's, near Grayes Inn Lane," and now preserved in the British Museum. Of late years either flint implements or mammoth bones have been dug up in gravels at various heights above the Thames, usually below the hundred-foot contour line.

These gravels are obviously records of different stages in the excavation of the Thames Valley. They underlie a large part of London, and for a considerable time did much to determine the growth of the metropolis. They come to an end very near to the Euston Road, and that line, even at the beginning of this century, was practically the northern boundary of London. The gravels not unfrequently form three terraces, the highest of them ranging from fifty to a hundred feet above Ordnance datum. To this accordingly the deposits in the Gordon Square district belong. Dr. Hicks is of opinion that the numerous sections which he has examined indicate the existence, in former times, of a slight valley in the London clay, which ran nearly north and south, and sloped in the former direction.

These gravels are generally considered to be Post-glacial in date—that is, subsequent to the deposit of the great chalky boulder clay which extends from the north as far as Muswell Hill and Finchley. Dr. Hicks, however, regards them as of Glacial age, so that the animals "which evidently died on the old land surface, where their remains were found, lived there early in the Glacial period." No worked flints were dug up in these recent investigations; but the evidence afforded by the old find at Gray's Inn Lane, and the well-known later discoveries at Acton, Ealing, Stoke Newington, Crayford, and other places, indicates that man and the mammoth were contemporaries in the valley of the Thames. If, then, these gravels—and it is in those which range from fifty to a hundred feet above the river that flint implements are most abundant—are of Glacial age, man must have already made his way to Britain before the epoch of greatest cold. Most geologists, however, differ from Dr. Hicks, and it may be doubted whether their opinion will be altered by anything which has been discovered in connexion with the Endsleigh Street find.

FRENCH PLAYS—THERMIDOR.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *hermidor* is in many ways a more remarkable achievement than any historical play he has written since *Patrie*. Like all dramas dealing with events of the Reign of Terror, it is gloomy; indeed, it could not be otherwise, for even gay Paris, during those three years, had ceased to smile. The plot is simplicity itself; but, with consummate knowledge of stage effect, M. Sardou has contrived to interest his audience by his admirably written dialogue, and the skilful manner in which the climax of each act is reached. We can well understand that the many diatribes introduced, especially in the first act, against the blood lust of the wretches who created and prolonged the Reign of Terror should have been deemed offensive in Paris under the Third Republic, and have arrested the representation of the piece; but in England these speeches only echo the sentiments of the audience, and obtain approbation. Citizen Charles Hippolyte Labroussière, a popular actor, is known to have used his position as a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal to save many victims from the guillotine, among them the Marquise Florian Josephine de Beauharnais, afterwards Empress, and several members of the Comédie Française. Labroussière was kind-hearted, but absolutely reckless, and died in

a madhouse the victim of his own folly, somewhat early in the reign of Napoleon I. Such a quaint and varied character as this presents many qualifications as the hero of a melodrama; but it may be questioned whether M. Sardou has availed himself fully of them. He has worked out a singularly simple and dignified play, but one which in many places suggests greater possibilities than are manifested. The action transpires in one day, the Ninth of the Revolutionary month Thermidor, otherwise July 27, 1794, which records the fall of Robespierre and the close of the appalling epoch known as the Terror. Martial Hugon, returning from the defeat of the Austrians at Fleurus, finds that Fabienne Lecoulteux, his affianced bride, under the conviction that he is dead, has pronounced the solemn vows of a nun. The convent in which she registered them is destroyed, and the religious are living as laywomen in a miserable lodging. They are arrested; but Fabienne, thanks to the kindness and courage of Labroussière, escapes. At first she repulses Martial's love, but finally yields to his prayers, and consents to become his wife. Everything is prepared for their escape to Belgium, when Fabienne is rearrested, and taken to the Conciergerie to share the fate of the other nuns. The only means of escape is to gain time until the effects of the fall of Robespierre are fully tested. Meanwhile the guillotine continues to claim its victims. Labroussière suggests a plan for her escape, and communicates it to Martial. The ex-nun must sign a document in which she acknowledges that she has been faithless to her cloistral vows and is about to become a mother. This she absolutely refuses to do, and with sublime resignation accompanies her beloved Superioress to her doom. So tragic a termination is not calculated to win popularity; but surely it is a proper ending to a work which has been throughout an exposition of the triumphs of faith over materialism. Martyrdom under such circumstances is preferable to marriage, and if the gallery and pit are disappointed, the more cultured section of the audience must rejoice that M. Sardou has not pandered to vulgar sentiment.

Throughout the play scenes of sublime resignation stand out in vigorous relief against a background of revolutionary orgy, and the usual inevitable comic element, so dear to the London manager, is nowhere exhibited, and, what is more, is never missed. The whole weight of the acting falls to M. Coquelin, whose Labroussière is distinctly the finest of his later performances. It lacks pathos, but is otherwise admirable. His rapid transitions from intense earnestness to impertinent badinage are most effectively contrived. In the third act, one of the most original and masterly of M. Sardou's creations, M. Coquelin acts magnificently. The situation is a difficult one to interpret, since it deals with the substitution of one paper for another, on the result of which hangs the fate of two innocent women. That an enamoured soldier should plead for his mistress, and see no harm in sacrificing another woman to the guillotine, in order to save the object of his blind passion, is natural enough; but it requires very finished acting to render endurable the hesitation of Labroussière; for in his case his yielding to the prayers of the young lover is nothing short of murder. With consummate skill, M. Coquelin contrives to escape the many pitfalls which the remarkable dialogue presents; and when he eventually hands to an attendant the fatal document which will send a poor soiled dove to the scaffold instead of the aristocratic *chouanne*, the house is roused to enthusiasm. We forget the injustice and the treachery, and applaud the actor for what he makes-believe for the time to be a heroic deed. The general interpretation of *Thermidor* at the Opera Comique is not particularly good. M. Duquesne as Martial is spiritless when he is not unduly melodramatic. Mme. Malvau has been seen here to much greater advantage in other plays. She fails to impart either seductiveness or religious fervour to the part of the unhappy Fabienne, who, deprived of these qualifications, is not particularly interesting. We can imagine how Mme. Bernhardt would have thrilled the house in the last act, for the scene is strikingly emotional and impressive. In Mme. Malvau's hands it is rather insipid. Mme. Julie plays the part of Françoise, the *tricoteuse*, exceedingly well. The piece is very well mounted and staged. Next week we shall see what M. Coquelin can do with *Petruchio*, for *La Mégère Apprivoisée* is announced for Monday night.

LADY WATERFORD'S PAINTINGS.

THE exhibition of nearly four hundred examples of the art of the late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, now thrown open to the public by the kindness of the Countess Brownlow at 8 Carlton House Terrace, will reveal even to close students of contemporary painting a talent scarcely recognized till now and but poorly appreciated when it was perceived. From an unsigned memoir, written with distinguished grace and taste, we learn that, with the exception of a painful attempt to bend her hand to the capricious guidance of Mr. Ruskin, Lady Waterford enjoyed no other training than the careful study of the great masters. We may say at once that this is to be deplored. Her individuality was so pronounced, so consistent a spirit runs through the varied production of her life, that we cannot doubt her talent would have survived and been greatly strengthened by a thorough professional training. She had observed so carefully, and with so true a plastic instinct, that her improvised sketches are delightfully true in suggestion; they lose everything in a more ambitious execution. Her colour is radiant, indeed, but the scheme of its harmonies is limited. On the other hand, her fancy often rises from the sphere of the delicate and the elegiacal to that of pure imagination, and in the gift of endowing the creatures of her florid pencil with undulating movement she has seldom been equalled.

We cannot dwell in detail on the drawings which Lady Brownlow has so patiently collected and so admirably arranged. Some of the most extraordinary are those in which Lady Waterford has allowed her fancy to follow its own bent most freely. The symbolic sketch called "He that keepeth Israel" (65), the Holy Family, in a pyramidal composition, resting beneath a tree; the "Study" of three children advancing under an azure sky (280); the unconventional allegory of "The Three Ages of Life" (33); the Venetian "Chess-Players" (176), with its superb key of colour; the "Martyr" (180) standing in a crimson robe against an orange curtain waving a palm-branch; the "Children waiting to cross a Street" (70), with its exquisite tremor of arrested movement; the "Hope and Memory" (25), a monumental drawing from the latest years of the artist—each of these may be taken as the type of a distinct phase in the production of Lady Waterford's art; an art versatile and fluid in the extreme, yet held in by the bounds of a strong and consistent individuality.

THE PARIS SALONS.

IT has become rather *du chic* among the more æsthetic of Parisians to look down upon the so-called "Old Salon," and to profess that nothing good can come out of or get into an exhibition upon which many of the men of light and leading in French art have turned their backs. In much the same way, we remember, used the æsthetic among ourselves to speak in the early days of the Grosvenor Gallery; quietly ignoring such every-day artists as Mr. Millais and Mr. Alma Tadema, and reserving all their cult for the Wattses, Burne-Joneses, and the endless imitations of Mr. Burne-Jones's work to be seen at the newer exhibition. In some respects the exhibition of the Champ de Mars—the New Salon, as it is generally called—is undoubtedly the more interesting show of the two. The practice which obtains there of grouping together the works of each painter is one point in its favour. It seems again to give us better than its more sedate rival the "last word" of contemporary French art, and that is always a word worth listening to. But, for all that, no candid critic can deny that the exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie remains, what it always has been, the exhibition of the art of the year in France. You can afford—though you will be the loser thereby—to miss seeing the Champ de Mars show; but you cannot afford to miss that in the Champs Elysées.

This exhibition—the Salon—is exceptionally good this year. Its merit is due rather to the high average quality of the work than to any one work of surpassing excellence. And for this high average it is not much indebted to the greater names—or, say, the best known names—among the exhibitors. Nothing, for instance, could be less attractive, more vulgar in fact, than the large, decorative picture by M. Benjamin-Constant, "Paris conviant le Monde à ses Fêtes," which meets the eye almost directly one has mounted

the staircase leading into the central room. M. Tony-Fleury's "Architecture" is not very much better. M. Bonnat's portrait of M. Renan is extremely attractive. M. Cormon's "Funerailles d'un Chef à l'Âge de Fer," though not without merit, is certainly not worthy of the author of "Cain"; and M. Detaille likewise is far inferior to himself at his best. Among the more distinguished of the exhibitors in the New Salon (of which we shall have presently to speak) there is no such falling off observable.

On the whole, portraits occupy a much less conspicuous place in this year's show than usual. In fact, England and France seem to be changing places in this respect; and while the English artists are more and more giving themselves up to portraiture, and landscapes occupy, on the whole, a continually smaller space on our walls, it is getting to be just the opposite in France, the *paysages* are beginning to crowd out the *portraits*. There still remain a good many of these last. A very large number are of the kind with which any frequenter of the Salon must have grown more or less familiar; gentlemen much bewiskered and moustached looking out of their frames in a rather truculent fashion; ladies in blue velvets, in drab and black, or canary and black. Then there is a whole group of portraits which may be classed as of the moderator-lamp type—ladies or gentlemen (generally the former) whose faces are seen half in the light and half in the shade, the pink or yellow shade, of a duplex burner. Of portraits which deserve special mention are, first of all, M. Chartran's full-length of Pope Leo XIII., which may almost rival one by Dagnan-Bouveret in the New Salon in the claim to be considered the portrait of the year, a pleasing head of a child by M. J. Veber, and a very charming portrait of a young lady seated against a golden-brown panel, the work of M. Schutzenberger—M. L. F. Schutzenberger, for there was another of that name who exhibited some good work last year. It is interesting to compare M. Schutzenberger's portrait with a clever one by Mr. E. A. Walton, which hangs near it, a portrait of a girl, an excellent specimen of English work, charming in its red and brown tone, life-like, all, indeed, that the average English patron of art would require a portrait to be. But when we compare it with the French picture we feel its deficiencies in what in the slang of the ateliers is called "form" and "value"—in simpler language deficiencies in drawing and in the management of the light and shade—elements wherein M. Schutzenberger's work is conspicuously excellent.

Next after the portraits the *paysages* call for notice. Those who remember the last year's show at the New Salon will recall the vivid opal effect—made up of tones of grey, blue, and mauve—which the mass of the landscapes there shown produced on his eye. This we ought perhaps to consider that "dernier mot" whereof we spoke (in one sense of the word) of French art in this branch of the subject. This year, however, work of this class is as much represented in the Champs-Élysées as in the Champ de Mars; so that one is tempted to suppose that some of those who were the furtherers last year of the new enterprise have deserted their former standard. There still remains in the Champs Élysées enough of the more straightforward landscape-painting of former days; sun-light pictures which are not ashamed to have the yellow gloss of sunshine, such as M. Beaudouin's charming "L'Été à Sannois," and M. Jan-Mouchablon's not less charming "Près et Bois" and "La Première Rencontre"; simple grey pictures like the last work of the much-to-be-regretted Pelouse; evening scenes which are satisfied with having the real glow of twilight or moonlight. Among the pictures which tend toward that more opal tint that we spoke of, and yet are exquisite pieces of landscape, those of MM. Bouchoir and Carl Rosa deserve special mention. And from these we pass on to work which one would last year have expected to see only in the Champ de Mars, such as the "St. Martin" of M. P. Lagarde or M. F. Flameng's "Repos en Égypte"—pictures which have a decorative quality, and are the French equivalent of the work of our pre-Raphaelite school. M. de Broutelle's "Tempête," as the only good sea-piece in the exhibition, must have a place in this connexion.

There is not very much of the realistic subject-picture in this year's Salon. Of what there is, two pictures by English artists which were exhibited in last year's Royal Academy—Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Soldiers and Sailors," and Mr. Frank Bramley's "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" (it appears in the Catalogue under the title

"Foogsach is the Kingdom of Heaven")—hold their own against any work by French artists. Among imaginative works of many different kinds, but excellent in their various kinds, Fritel's "Les Conquérants," R. Collin's "Au Bord de la Mer," and Henri Martin's "L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu," deserve mention.

In the New Salon the portraits are more noticeable than in the Old. We have already alluded to one by M. Dagnan-Bouveret. It is the portrait of a lady, seated full face, resting her chin upon two fingers of her right hand, while the other hand supports the elbow of the right arm. She is dressed in pink crape, and the chair on which she sits is covered in green silk; a combination of colours, therefore, which would tax the skill even of a painter of experience. But out of the ordeal M. Bouveret passes so triumphantly that while we are looking at his work we hardly realize what difficulties he has had to overcome. The flesh tints are given with extreme delicacy and finish. Altogether, this painting is, perhaps, the most noteworthy thing which the two exhibitions can show between them. There are in the same Salon other portraits of great merit and in many different styles by MM. Aman-Jean—the portrait of Paul Verlaine is the one of this artist's works which will, of course, attract most attention—Boldini, Friant (whose "Ombres Portées" made such a decided hit last year), Gervex, and others. Among landscapes M. Muenier's river, with horse drinking ("L'Abreuvoir"), and M. Alfred Smith's "Chêne de Toutfaut" (the same painter exhibited an admirable forest scene last year), stand out conspicuous among a great deal of excellent work.

It remains to speak of one special development of French art which is the characteristic one for the moment, and in which the New Salon has vindicated its claim to represent the art of the future—say, at the least, of the near future—taking that term to extend from one year's exhibition as far as to the next. This development of art may be called the realistic-religious. It is as much the note of the moment as the art of the realistic-disgusting kind—the hospital type of picture—was a few years ago. The impetus to it was given by M. Béraud's Magdalen, a work which, so far as the general public were concerned, made last year's sensation of the New Salon. That picture, as any one who saw it will remember, represented Christ, in the costume which has become sanctioned by convention as the dress in which to represent the personages of sacred history, seated in a nineteenth-century Paris *appartement*. At his feet lay a Magdalen, dressed—well, as a Parisian Magdalen of to-day might be habited; and seated round the table in the *appartement* was a group of Pharisees in modern evening dress. The picture had small artistic merit—as a painter M. Béraud may be described as a more instructed Frith—but it certainly had the merits of boldness and originality of conception. This year the same painter comes forward with a similar subject. Now it is a "Descent from the Cross." The cross has been erected just outside Paris, and the Christ—it is again the figure and the dress which the time-honoured art of the past has sanctioned—is being received by a company of Parisian *ouvriers* and *ouvrières*, with one priest among them. One workman in a blouse stands apart from the others; he shakes his fist or holds his hand towards Paris, which is sleeping at his feet, and we may suppose he is calling down or foretelling the vengeance of Heaven on the faithless city. As a piece of literature the picture is not devoid of merit; but its artistic worth is very slight. And, as it is no longer original, it makes no sensation.

THE DERBY HORSES.

NEXT week is big with the fate of the Derby, and as this is a race that almost every Englishman takes an interest in, we propose to review the probable starters, taking them in the order the entries are given in the volume of *Races to Come*, and shall endeavour to anticipate the judge and point out the winner. Mr. W. Cooper's The Lover may go to the post; but his latest displays do not lead us to imagine that he has the slightest chance of success. Mr. H. T. Barclay may start Ben Avon, an immensely powerful colt by his owner's noted Bendigo, for we believe Mr. Barclay took a big bet about Ben Avon when a yearling, but on form he has no earthly chance. M. E. Blanc's Rueil is well backed, and has good looks and

some good form in his favour, so that, like the same owner's Gouverneur last year, this colt may possibly be placed. Lord Bradford likes to see his colours sported in the big races if he has a semblance of a chance, and his Sir Hugo is a sturdy, muscular colt by Wisdom that ran creditably in the Two Thousand; but we fear he is not good enough to improve very much upon that form. Baist, by Sterling, out of Lash (not Sash, as the entry is given), is a mysterious dark outsider, said to be a certain runner, of whom nothing is known outside his stable. He is trained in Yorkshire by one Beecham. Mr. Fairlie's Galeopsis ran so indifferently in the Newmarket Stakes that his chance need scarcely be thought of at Epsom, but that he will win an important race over a short course before the season is over we certainly think. Gossoon seems to have lost his two-year-old form, and Persistent ran moderately in the Two Thousand when his stable seemed to fancy him. La Flèche has won all her races in grand style, and is deservedly a very hot favourite for the Derby. There is no saying how good this filly may be, for she always wins like a high-class racehorse. Still, she has never met the very highest class opponents, and her easy win in the One Thousand told us no more than we knew before. We were rather disappointed in her appearance before that race, we thought she had not improved during the winter as we should have expected; though we were told before Newmarket that she had grown and improved wonderfully, we could not quite agree with her admirers. Her action is faultless and her game-ness unquestionable, and we will not for an instant say that she will not win the Derby, though we shall not be the least surprised at her defeat. Thessalian, who stands in the nomination of Mr. Hoole, his breeder, is next on the list. This colt was bought out of a selling race last autumn by an exceedingly clever judge, Mr. E. C. Clayton, for Lord Penrhyn; but perhaps Mr. Clayton does not deserve all the praise for his foresight in this case, as, if our recollection is not at fault, Lord Penrhyn himself at Doncaster cast longing eyes on this symmetrical, powerful, short-legged Wisdom colt. Be this as it may, Thessalian became Lord Penrhyn's for 1,000 guineas. He ran once in his Lordship's colours last autumn, being second to Collina at Derby. This season he has been started on five occasions, and has won all his engagements. We must confess that at the time we did not quite like the manner in which he seemed to hang to Ben in his race at Northampton; but his ready victory in the Babraham Plate over Catarina, Trapezoid, and others has caused us to think that his chance for the Derby is second to none. What will be the feelings of his late owner, Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, and his late trainer, Mr. Garrett Moore, if he were to win? The latter gentleman admitted that the colt was very smart last year, but he thought him untrustworthy. Mr. Clayton is such a clever man with horses and their treatment that he has probably run the colt so often this year to give him confidence. In this, we think, he has been successful; and, to our mind, no horse could have improved more from last year to this than Thessalian. He will be ridden by Weldon, who, though not perhaps a graceful horseman, is very resolute, and has a good head on his shoulders. We think that whatever beats Thessalian will win the Derby. Mr. Houldsworth runs neither of his nominations, nor do we think that Polyglot has any chance. Mr. J. B. Leigh's great slashing filly Flyaway is said to have made marvellous improvement since last season, but we think her a little uncertain, and that she would prefer a shorter course. Colonel North's pair, El Diablo and Lady Hermit, we suppose will start, as their undefeated owner has some heavy bets about them. They have scarcely fulfilled their early promise, though both may prove good winners in the future, but we don't fancy them now. Mr. Milner's St. Angelo, after seeming to have the Two Thousand and the Newmarket Stakes in his grasp, failed when the pinch came, and this is not encouraging to his backers. That he is a colt of immense speed is obvious to those who have seen him run, but we cannot quite believe in his ability to win the Derby.

Mr. C. D. Rose will start his Two Thousand winner, Bonavista, and his Newmarket Stakes disappointment, St. Damien. Bonavista won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom last year in decisive fashion, after getting badly away; but of the two stable companions, we prefer the chance of St. Damien, as he is, in our humble opinion, better adapted to the peculiar course at Epsom by his shape, make, and action than Bonavista. We are very anxious to see if our surmise is correct, for we quite expect St. Damien to run a

good horse in the Derby. Llanthony, a son of Ormonde and Agnes Bentinck, was bred by Mr. J. Snarry, and purchased as a yearling at Doncaster by Sir R. Jardine. He ran very fast in the Lancashire Plate last year, which is his only public performance. He was certainly lame at that time. We conclude he has grown out of his lameness, as he is very much fancied by his connexions, but we know so little about him, that we cannot write in his favour. We remember that we were not captivated by his appearance last year, as, if we recollect aright, there was something faulty about his neck—rather short, perhaps—and there was a want of length about him generally, but he may have altered very much for all we know. It would, indeed, be curious if another son of Ormonde were to win.

The Derby has been entirely altered by the absence of Orme. No doubt we shall have a larger field, and perhaps a better and more exciting finish. And now that we have gone through the probable runners, we must sum up their chances. There is little or no credit in taking the first favourite as a selection at such a price as 2 to 1 or 9 to 4, and we think that it is better business to back Thessalian to win and for a place. So we will boldly anticipate the victory of this ex-selling-plater in the handsome colours of Lord Penrhyn. Of the others, La Flèche and St. Damien seem to us to have the best chances. Since the above was written Llanthony has gone back in the betting, presumably on the strength of an unfavourable gallop with Fred Barrett in the saddle, and Bonavista has become a better favourite than St. Damien; our favourite, Thessalian, too, has gone back a point or so, but that fact does not make us waver in our allegiance to him.

REVIEWS.

NADA THE LILY.*

MR. RIDER HAGGARD may congratulate himself upon being the most abused writer, the most lauded writer, and the writer who is the most extensively read of the present day. Since the appearance of *King Solomon's Mines* and of *She* there has been a continual chorus of critics singing in admirable discordance. Since, however, the broad fact remains that, despite any adverse criticism, his work is always engaged two and three years beforehand for the magazines and the papers which run fiction, and since in volume form they are speedily announced in edition after edition, it seems reasonable to suppose that there may be something in this writer to account for his great and lasting popularity. We have on several occasions in these columns pointed out some of the qualities which command success, and are to be found in his books. The latest shows him both at his best and at his worst. That is to say, to take the latter first, the book is full of battle, murder, and sudden death. It is a ruthless book; there is but little mercy, or kindness, or fidelity, or pity for weakness in it from end to end. It resembles Gibbon's immortal work in one particular, that there are at least a hundred people killed on an average on every page.

The hero of the work is the famous King Chaka, a monarch whose career came to an end in the year 1828, after, as Mr. Haggard reminds us, he had emulated the martial glory of Napoleon in causing the death of a million people, and the vices of Tiberius in his private life. Nada the Lily—a black, but rather white-black, lily—appears very little on the scene. But King Chaka is a figure of surpassing interest. One remembers *The Last of the Mohicans*; but Chaka is a vastly superior savage. He has great armies to command; he has a people who believe firmly in Divine right; his orders are like those of the Sheikh of the Assassins; his people are his children who go to death at a word from him; he sees spectres and ghosts; he is filled with the thirst for power; he loves the sight of blood.

The book, in fact, is a close and powerful delineation of the Zulu as he was seventy years ago, before the white man had taken him in hand, while he was still flourishing under the admirable civilization which he had developed. No more complete picture of savage life has ever been presented to the world. If men are presented as fighting incessantly, it was because fighting was their chief excitement and their chief enjoyment. It may also be added that the author knows how to describe a fight better than any other living man. The story is told with the simplicity and directness which the theme demands. It is put

* *Nada the Lily*. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

into the mouth of an old man, blind, and at the point of death, who can remember the things of his early days better than what happened yesterday. He does not pause to remark upon the blood and thunder of his narrative. How else can one write about the deeds of the great King Chaka? Would you hear how they fought?

'Now he whispers a word to the indunas. The indunas run; they whisper to Menziwa the general and to the captains; then two regiments rush down the hill, two more run to the right, and yet another two to the left. But Chaka stays on the hill with the three that are left. Again comes the roar of the meeting shields. Ah! these are men: they fight, they do not run. Regiment after regiment pours upon them, but still they stand. They fall by hundreds and by thousands, but no man shows his back, and on each man there lie two dead. *Wow!* my father, of those two regiments not one escaped. They were but boys, but they were the children of Chaka. Menziwa was buried beneath the heaps of his warriors. Now there are no such men.

'They are all dead and quiet. Chaka still holds his hand! He looks to the north and to the south. See! spears are shining among the trees. Now the horns of our host close upon the flanks of the foe. They slay and are slain, but the men of Zwide are many and brave, and the battle turns against us.

'Then again Chaka speaks a word. The captains hear, the soldiers stretch out their necks to listen.

'It has come at last. "*Charge! Children of the Zulu!*"

'There is a roar, a thunder of feet, a flashing of spears, a bending of plumes, and, like a river that has burst its banks, like storm-clouds before the gale, we sweep down upon friend and foe. They form up to meet us; the stream is passed; our wounded rise upon their haunches and wave us on. We trample them down. What matter? They can fight no more. Then we meet Zwide rushing to greet us, as bull meets bull. *Ou!* my father, I know no more. Everything grows red. That fight! that fight! We swept them away. When it was done, there was nothing to be seen, but the hillside was black and red. Few fled; few were left to fly. We passed over them like fire; we ate them up. Presently we paused, looking for the foe. All were dead. The host of Zwide was no more. Then we mustered. Ten regiments had looked upon the morning sun; three regiments saw the sun sink; the rest had gone where no suns shine.

'Such were our battles in the days of Chaka!'

There are scenes in this book which seem destined to be preserved when the time itself and the people are quite forgotten. Such is the story of the Great "Ingomboco" when Chaka slays the false and lying wizards and witches. The discomfiture of the Prophets of Baal is not more full of wonder and of terror. The man who hunts with the wolves, himself one of them, and the king of them; the filling of the ravine with the bodies of a whole tribe; the ordeal of the fire by him who tells the story, and who eat patiently while his left hand was consumed in the flames; the murder of the King; the magnificent set fights of Umslopogaa and Galazi the Wolf, his brother-in-arms and worthy of him; the death of Nada; these are episodes which fill the imagination and live in the mind. To those who find fault with the battles and the murders there is one sufficient answer. He who undertakes the description of the savage life must not shrink from the realities of that life. He must suffer the real voice of the savage to betray the real mind of the savage. This is, to our mind, the best book, the most sustained, the most powerful, the truest book, that Mr. Rider Haggard has yet produced. But, as was said above, it must not be read by those who look for nothing stronger than a simper and a sigh.

ACROSS THE PLAINS.*

SO much has been written lately of Mr. Stevenson's style, that it seems out of place to discuss its merits now, even when a volume of essays (where style is everything) is the subject. There are not many examples in English literature of a writer in the early years of his career being regarded by so many competent contemporaries as almost a classic. There are authors (Mr. Pater, for instance) who, appealing to the scholarly few, have enjoyed that distinction in a limited way. But it has been Mr. Stevenson's exclusive privilege to experience a wide popularity, and at the same time the applause of the scholar and the critic. This is not to be explained by the fact that he is a teller of delightful stories and the author of the *Master of Ballantrae*. It accounts for his popularity, not for his position. He has style, method, and, as a rule, something to say—in fact, all that is asked of a writer. But there are other reasons. Mr. William Morris (the poet) has been credited with saying that Lord Tennyson saved English

poetry, saved it from the banality of Wordsworth—a more important achievement than writing *In Memoriam* or *The Idylls of the King*. That is a violent statement, one we could hardly endorse, but not without interest. In these days when literature has to steer between the Scylla of the New Humour and the Charybdis of the New English, it is almost impossible to estimate the value of Mr. Stevenson's style at its true worth. Our little life is rounded by Americanisms, and vexed by the sticky jargon of a prevalent criticism. Pardonable exaggeration of this exquisite writer becomes our only refuge. There is certainly no one who has written more often of the technique of his own art, or with greater lucidity, or who has so nearly reached the high standard of his own imagining. Correctness, central literary excellence, and that urbanity for which Mr. Matthew Arnold pleaded are the qualities of his work; yet, ever searching for the *mot propre*, fastidious in his adjectives, concealing periphrasis, he stumbles in his vocabulary. Milton invented or used words which have not become part of the English language. And of course Mr. Stevenson is at liberty to do so too. We do not deny that "clarity" is to be found in the dictionary; but how hideous it sounds! If Milton and Mr. Stevenson used it a hundred times it cannot be tolerated. Latinisms are necessary, but let us not use the most hideous and grating in the language. A scholar, writing for the scholarly, should not refer to a number of names as "sweet and most romantic vocables." We are not for judging literature by Macaulay's schoolboy, but there are words inexcusable even in that licensed mouth. In the essay on "Beggars" Mr. Stevenson speaks of a broken-down soldier with a taste for poetry. "What took him was a richness in the speech; he loved the exotic, the unexpected word; the moving cadence of a phrase." That is what we look for in Mr. Stevenson—the *exotic, unexpected word, the moving cadence of a phrase*—characteristics Mr. Stevenson finds in Rossetti. And we, with the broken soldier, "are taken with them too," not with the green carnations of philology, such as *vocables* and *clarity*.

But, then, among prose writers it is only Mr. Stevenson, describing a number of boys playing about with lanterns, who could write, "these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cool sand of the links, or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with *inappropriate talk*." How admirable that is! What a tact of omission! Imagine a tedious realist, that protected purveyor of pornography, describing the conversation.

The greatest literary feat, undoubtedly, in his recent volume is the essay which gives a title to the collection. It requires a strong hand to make the ugly appear beautiful, the dull interesting. Those who have had the misfortune to travel in a car from New York to San Francisco are agreed about the nearest realization of future punishment here on earth. Crude people, crude manners, and a loathsome atmosphere are the joys of an American car. Yet the magic language of "An Emigrant" beguiles us into believing the journey rather a pleasant experience after all. The scenery—we know that scenery—becomes beautiful, though even the emigrant admits that the sunrise is amateurish, as all things are in the United States. "Across the Plains" occupies some seventy-six pages, and is simply extracts from the diary of a railway traveller. Still the interest never flags for a moment. A traveller invariably meets dull people, and having been bored with their conversation on long voyages, a paradoxical altruism induces a transcription of their talk, in order that an indulgent public may share in his depression. It has been left for Mr. Stevenson to be the brilliant exception. His companions are never boring; but perhaps a wise and winning egoism has convinced him that he is the best company for himself and others. A keen observer of men, his observations on them are alone entertaining, and we do not care much about the very scurvy occupants of the American car. They are kept in the background. Always in the van of those who cry "Art for art's sake," Mr. Stevenson's manner is easier to talk about than his matter. His subject is subservient to form. He disarms criticism by criticizing himself, though it would be impossible to accept his views of life or take many of his aphorisms seriously. As far as subject goes, "The Lantern Bearers" and "A Chapter on Dreams" are the most fascinating, and he has never surpassed them for interest. After the many silly stories floating about ament the moral purpose and genesis of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the latter essay may come as a blow to certain theorists. We cannot agree with the author in his own estimate of the extraordinary sketch "Ollala," which he is inclined to depreciate. It is one of his best short stories. The young gentleman who proposed to embrace the career of art, and to whom the tenth essay is addressed, must have been sadly puzzled as to what his distinguished correspondent was driving at.

Mr. Stevenson is seldom successful when he is moralizing or

* *Across the Plains; with other Memoirs and Essays.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Chatto & Windus.

giving wholesome advice. The one mistake in this stimulating volume is "A Christmas Sermon." The sort of chapel-round-the-corner Christianity is to most of us highly distasteful, and the author of "Across the Plains" was the least expected advocate of a benighted and muscular religiosity. Mr. Matthew Arnold wasted an incredible amount of time in fretting over St. Paul. Let Mr. Stevenson profit by the warning. He has been with singular infelicity compared to the noisy Academician M. Pierre Loti. But after a perusal of "A Christmas Sermon" one almost longs for the cucumber-frame passion of *Fantôme d'Orient*.

NOVELS.*

THE first thing that strikes the reader of *The Fate of Fenella* is the contrast between the mental attitude of twenty-three out of the twenty-four writers and the scheme of the book. One would have thought it ludicrously impossible for people who continued their parables where somebody else left off, and for twenty pages or so developed the tale in their own way, to take themselves so very seriously; but there is not the suspicion of a smile on the face of any author till we come to the last—Mr. Anstey. The editor—who, in his prefatory note, labours under the usual impression that Frankenstein was the monster made, and not the monster-maker—states expressly that there was "no collaboration." We have no difficulty in believing it. If the twenty-four had been content to treat the subject as a huge joke, something might have been made of it; but, as it is, the lack of humour is the only amusing fact about the book.

The opening chapter is written by Miss Helen Mathers, from whom we gather that Fenella is a young married woman with a little boy, and, for reasons of her own, is living apart from her husband, Lord Francis Onslow, till one day she casually meets him on the top of a Harrogate coach. Of course they secretly adore each other, and, equally of course, take every opportunity of making each other madly jealous, *pour passer le temps*, till separation is the only solution of their matrimonial quarrels. Each is a model of beauty, though Fenella's hair has a way of being red-brown, gold, tan colour, or chestnut, all in succession, without any dye being hinted at. She is fond of coaching, and shows "a brief glimpse of a soft mass of whiteness above silken hose," as she swings herself up to the perch, where her husband unexpectedly joins her. The pair converse quite amicably, and she informs him that there are only "two things that give her real fits, humbug and vulgarity," and proceeds to explain that, in consequence of taking sulphur baths, she "regularly sneezes sulphur," and has "got quite pally" with a barrister in the hotel. The barrister's sister, who lives in a cottage near Harrogate, and declines all her brother's entreaties to mix herself up with Lady Francis Onslow's affairs, is the only sensible and sympathetic person in the book, and we are heartily grateful to Mr. F. C. Philips for the short breathing space her society affords. We cannot, however, congratulate Miss Crommelin on the inspiration that suggested the very unpleasant chapter called "Complications." She is not responsible for having brought Lord Francis's quondam mistress, Mme. de Vigny, to Harrogate, but she need not have introduced both her and Lord Francis to the hotel dinner-table, and seated them opposite Fenella and her admirer, Count de Mürger, for whom in bravado Fenella had telegraphed. They all talk at each other during dinner in a way that must have been most unpleasant for the other guests, and it is a wonder that the manager did not receive a memorial next morning, begging that those low and vulgar people might be forced to leave the house. "Rita" hurries events to their natural conclusion, by causing a prompt reaction in the hearts of the husband and wife—a reaction which makes Lord Francis write a letter of repentance to Fenella, which he steals out to slip under her door. His impulse is checked by seeing Count de Mürger walk calmly into the room. Then a fit of somnambulism comes over Lord Francis, and, not knowing what he does, he kills the Count, leaves the hotel, and goes abroad, without having the least consciousness of what has happened. This strains the reader's credulity a good deal, but it is too much when Mr. Hatton asks us to believe that the Count, who has previously been described as the military attaché at the Austrian Embassy, "had won his

position in society, such as it was, by the meanest arts." Any statement of all the amazing ones in the book would be easier to accept than this about the proudest and most exclusive nation in the world. To screen her husband, whom nobody suspects, Fenella takes upon herself his crime, and, though she pleads guilty, is acquitted by a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide" in consideration of the fact that she was defending her honour. Of course it is the "pally" barrister that conducts her case, and when it is taken into account how deeply he loves her, and how much he thought her wronged, it seems a little strange that, after her acquittal, he should refuse to shake hands with her. After this the story consists of breathless hurrying to and fro across the English Channel and Atlantic Ocean, when some one is always vainly seeking somebody else. Mme. de Vigny is still the Evil Genius of the Onslow family, for her hatred is revived by Frank Onslow's letter to his wife falling into her hands, and by finding herself mentioned in terms anything but complimentary. This is the letter that Lord Francis had written to his wife on the night of the murder. He had addressed her by her pet name, "Mrs. Right," signing himself "Frank Doggie," as men usually do," he remarks in vol. ii. p. 23. "Doggie" appears to be Fenella's term of endearment for her husband. Still, if this is a usual signature, it seems strange that it is not met with more frequently. Lord Francis continually falls into hypnotic trances, during which singular adventures befall him. The agony is piled up as the story proceeds, and finally ends with a tremendous burst of fireworks in Guernsey, when he exclaims "Mrs. Right" and she responds with "Frank Doggie," and they fall into each other's arms. Perhaps the novel is as good as could be expected from the way in which it was written, but it bears marks of haste and lack of reflection, while the parts do not always fit even as well as they might. Occasionally there is evidence that the preceding chapters have not been carefully studied, as, for instance, when Mr. Dowling observes—vol. iii. p. 128—that Lord Francis's "murder trial had made himself notorious," whereas Lord Francis had never been tried for murder at all, for the good reason that no one knew he had committed murder, except his wife. The best written and most successful chapters are those by Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Philips, and Mr. Anstey; but, as a whole, the book is vulgar and silly, and must be regarded as a failure even as a *tour de force*.

St. Michael's Eve is the history of two people who "loved and lost" each other, because the man was a victim to "honest doubt," and the woman would only marry a believer. It is apparently a first effort, and is in no way better or worse than most of its class. Conventionality is the leading feature of the book, and the reader feels as he turns the pages that the characters, descriptions, and plot are all familiar to him. The young man who writes articles for the *Twentieth Century*, the golden-haired vicar's daughter, the raven-locked wealthy widow who sticks at nothing to get what she wants—do we know our best friends better than we know these? Then there are the country-house parties and river parties, with pages devoted to the people who constitute them, though they are destined to play no part in the book. It is not badly done, but it has all been done so often that the operation seems hardly worth repeating. The author, too, is not always consistent; for, whereas in vol. ii., chapter 7, when Lily Boscawen tells Geoffrey Darell that, although she loves him dearly, she cannot marry any man who does not hold the faith as it is in her, not a word is said on his part about jealousy of any living being, yet three years after, when they meet again, she a Sister of Mercy, and he a married man, Darell informs her that "he was beside himself with jealous rage" of an officer who had been staying in the house with them. The sense of humour might have preserved Miss De Winton from many pitfalls, but unluckily no traces of it are visible. How else could she talk of "that virgin heart" (vol. ii. p. 159) or remark (vol. ii. p. 82) that "It was Lilian's first ball. Very beautiful she looked in her simple white dress—nay, not simple, since it was in fact a work of art by Lady Windermere's own Bond Street milliner—her only ornament being a string of pearls round her shapely throat"? Her view of journalism is also harsh and misleading. "It is not only in Whitechapel that 'sweating' is practised," she says (vol. ii. p. 179); "the sweating in 'Grub Street' is more piteous still, and often the great man who signs his name to the article which another has written, or the eminent philanthropist who, from his place in Parliament or elsewhere, delivers the impassioned oration which the genius of another has put into his mouth, are the cruellest sweaters of them all." Why should a man of genius do anything so foolish as to let somebody else sign his article? if, indeed, the article has any signature at all, which is not always the case in English journalism. And in journalism, if in any profession, a "man of genius" can command his price, and would think twice

* *The Fate of Fenella*. By Twenty-four Writers. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

St. Michael's Eve. By W. H. De Winton. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Doings of Raffles Haw. By A. Conan Doyle. London: Cassell & Co.

Through Deep Waters. By B. Walsh. London: Trischler & Co.

In Rosby Village. By Mary Hampden. London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

Green as Grass. By F. M. Allen. London: Chatto & Windus.

before he allowed somebody else to appropriate it. But Miss De Winton often gives her reader the impression that she is trying to lash herself into indignation over certain social topics, without any very definite facts upon which to base her assumptions.

Mr. Conan Doyle has been recently amusing himself in *The Doings of Raffles Haw* with the fascinating problem of successful alchemy, combined with material glories (the outcome of the discovery) which are only to be paralleled in the *Arabian Nights*. But unfortunately, in spite of all his skill, he has not been able to make his story either a fairy tale or a reality; it is at once too much and too little of both. The practical mind has a thousand objections to offer—chiefly in the direction of burglars—against the enormous sums that were daily being coined, if that is the right word to use, in Mr. Raffles Haw's laboratory; while the idealist does not care a jot about canals to connect Beyrout and the Euphrates, or schemes for paying off the National Debt. As there are certain subjects in art that every painter feels himself impelled to paint, so there are certain subjects in fiction that every novelist of adventure feels himself bound to touch. Alchemy is perhaps one of them, and now that Mr. Conan Doyle has paid his toll, let him turn his attention to one of the historical tales he can write so well.

There are very few English people who can write a good detective story, and Miss B. Walsh, author of *Through Deep Waters*, is certainly not one of them. A man is murdered in Richmond Park, and the owner of a gold-headed stick with a knife concealed, which is found near the spot, is at once arrested for murder. In the course of the investigation it turns out that the prisoner had been married to the murdered man's sister—in fact, was married to her; for, though on the word of her brother he had believed her dead and had wedded Another, she is really very much alive indeed. The moral of the story should be "More haste, worse speed," for every one comes to harm through their impulsive proceedings. Arthur Hillyer should have seen for himself his wife's death certificate. Mrs. Coverly should have waited before she ran away to discover what charges were to be brought against her. Hugh Borthwick should not have assumed the office of amateur detective without consulting his lawyer; and Mrs. Laplace should not have murdered her husband without ascertaining whether the letters in his pocket referred to a new or old love affair. Style is not Miss B. Walsh's strong point, as will be seen from the following example (p. 148):—

'The eldest son of a man of wealth and position who had died two years before, leaving him his own master, having been adored all his life by his mother and sisters, who united in considering him everything that was perfect, all difficulties had been smoothed out of his way, and the twenty-five years of his life had passed with scarcely a cloud to sully their brightness.'

In *Rosby Village* is a harmless little story about a seaside village, probably on the coast of Yorkshire. There is nothing very remarkable about it in any way, except a little boy of six years old, whose sentiments and language would do credit to a village prodigy thrice his age. "We'll be awful sad when you're gone, Miss," he says to the Doctor's daughter on hearing of her engagement; "we don't know wot to do w/out you, but we're just glad now 'cause you are." When the young lady's lover shows signs of defection some weeks later, this same infant inquires anxiously "in his childish innocence whether it was true that Mr. Dale was a flirt. And what was a 'flirt?'" Unluckily it was true; but in the end everything happens for the best and all the characters are made happy.

Could anything be more stupid than the idea of a man telling the story of the conquest of Ireland by Strongbow in a broad brogue, with perpetual allusions to steamboats, trains, constabulary—even margarine—as if they were in common use at the time? Yet this is F. M. Allen's notion of humour in *Green as Grass*.

A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD.*

CASTLE HILL is not improbably a *nom de guerre*. The writer who describes the trip is, it would seem, a young lady, and has high principles with but a limited capacity for narrating adventures. Mr. Hill, as we must call the author, begins by showing that in "the long ago" a gentleman was not supposed to have completed his education till he had made "the grand tour," and that at the present day people thus situated go round the world. He then suggests rather abruptly that he should "return to his story." As no story has been begun, this is at first sight puzzling; but it is probably intended only for a kind of introduction. Mr. Russell in his study is

* *A Trip Round the World*. By Castle Hill. London: Digby & Long.

then revealed, as well as "a bright happy looking girl of fourteen," whose name is Mary, and who is the heroine of the subsequent adventures. Mr. Russell and Mary start for America, with a mixed company, "natives of most of the European countries," and conversing in divers languages. "I have heard it said," remarks Mr. Hill, "that the best plan on similar occasions is to listen in one language and speak in another." No explanation is afforded us of this enigmatical precept. New York does not seem to have impressed the travellers as it did Mr. Rudyard Kipling, though it reminded them of Liverpool. They set off for California. "They considered that the great drawback to San Francisco was the number of invalids you meet in the streets." The Russells visited a ranch, where Mary saw a humming-bird. In another ranch "a varandah or piazza surrounded the house." They do not seem to have been frightened. Returning to San Francisco they took shipping for Tahiti, going thence to the Sandwich Islands, where they saw the volcano of Mauna Roa, "a stupendous sight." After a short stay in Fiji they sailed for New Zealand, rescuing on their way two little boys in a canoe, who were manifestly intended for the consumption of a cannibal. At Auckland they landed and went into the interior in a waggon drawn by six oxen, a mule, and a donkey. At Allendale they meet a gentleman named Curtis, of whom they receive a singular account. He was, "in reality, a nobleman, whose father, by the death of a relative, had inherited the earldom of — and the estates belonging to the title." Mr. Curtis preferred New Zealand to living "at home in England as a poor nobleman." Then follows a description of Lake Tarawera, and we are informed that the "Otuka Purangi terraces were very neatly formed."

Proceeding to Sydney, they were met by a family of cousins, and passed Christmas Day with a picnic party in the bush, where they encountered "a very zealous clergyman" who had ridden twenty miles that morning to hold service in a barn, blowing a horn as he went to attract a congregation. At a subsequent dinner-party there was one singular toast—"Our Most Gracious Majesty the Queen." They then went to visit a squatter named O'Donahue, and Mrs. O'Donahue informed Mary that she had made a runaway match with an Irish Roman Catholic, and seemed surprised to find herself very unhappy. To this confession Mary very properly rejoined that nothing would induce her to marry and leave "her kind, indulgent father," and Mrs. O'Donahue does not retort that a fascinating Irish Roman Catholic had not yet dawned on her horizon. So people miss their opportunities.

Next the Russells sought the hospitable shores of Tasmania, where they fell in with more Irish, and were waited on by an orphan girl from Devonshire, whose assiduity they remunerated with a pecuniary consideration. The account of farming in Tasmania is very attractive; but the sheep "had been much worried during the night by a species of wild cat, which killed some of the lambs." This "wild cat" was, no doubt, that singular marsupial, the Tasmanian Devil. A good account of this very interesting animal is not readily accessible. A living specimen is, or was lately, in the Zoological Gardens at Adelaide.

The travellers next went to Mauritius, and thence along the Madagascar coast to the Cape, where they visited the Governor at Wynberg. Cape Town itself did not greatly attract them. Here we have the sad tale of one who "was not married, but was engaged to a lady who was coming out to the Cape from England accompanied by his sister." But it was not to be. On the voyage the young lady flirted with one of the passengers, "and on landing coolly jilted 'the other,' although his house was all prepared for her reception at a heavy expense, and everything arranged for the wedding." St. Helena was the travellers' next destination. Here they admired the scenery, including Lot, Lot's Wife, and the Chimney, as well as Diana's Peak, 2,700 feet high. St. Helena, we learn, "is mostly famous for being the place of exile of Napoleon I. after the battle of Waterloo." They encounter some rough weather before they make Ascension, and, as on a former occasion, when they were threatened by a water-spout, Mary has an opportunity of declaring her religious sentiments. At Ascension they find Susan, who had been under-nursemaid to the Russell family before Mary was born. Susan had married a soldier "whose Christian name was John," as Hood says of another person, and was anxious to return home, an object in which she was ultimately successful. The Russells spent a lively week at Ascension—an unusual experience, we fancy. Thence they sailed to Teneriffe, and thence to Gibraltar, and came home, finally, in a man-of-war, saying to each other, "We have seen much that is wonderful, grand, and curious in Nature, and met with great kindness from friends, also from strangers." Then follows an appropriate prose doxology, and the book, from which much innocent amusement may be derived, comes to an end.

POLITICS AND PEN PICTURES.*

THE domestic politics of the United States, with the exception of the great episode of the Civil War and the events which led to it, are not very interesting to English readers. But Mr. Hilliard, like many of his countrymen, has held diplomatic appointments in Europe, and, though a typical American politician, he is much of a cosmopolitan. In the course of half a century of active public life he has made acquaintance, more or less close, with almost every distinguished American. He is the sort of man who is born to be popular; and, although we remember, of course, that he is writing his own memoirs, they give us a very favourable impression of him. He is certainly not prejudiced or narrow-minded; though he clings to his own convictions, he is tolerant of the opinions of others; and he seems to have made a point of not letting public differences interfere with private friendships. He likes a good stand-up fight on the platform, and refuses to put on the gloves and sink personal questions. But he is all for the hard hitting being above the belt, and is ready to shake hands when the battle is over. At the same time he is a genial man, and an optimist in his judgments of character. He has hardly a rough word to say of any one, and perhaps we should have more faith in the portraits which he dashes off with a clever facility if some of the features were thrown more deeply into shadow. Be that as it may, the earlier portraits especially, for which he must have relied chiefly on a remarkably tenacious memory, strike us as very impressive. In 1839 he paid his first visit to Washington as a delegate from his native State of Alabama, when he saw Congress in Session. Webster was the lion—the Mirabeau of the Assembly. As the brilliant author of the *Biglow Papers* remarks, "Dan'l had a mind as big as all out doors"; and Mr. Hilliard, in more ornate language, expresses a similar sentiment:—"His head was magnificent, the arch of imagination rising above the brain, surmounted by a development of veneration resembling that of the bust of Plato, and it seemed as if the whole weight of the Government might rest securely on his broad shoulders." Webster had a leonine air. His rival Clay, after whom the Nova Scotia clockmaker named his famous trotting nag, had the look of an eagle. "When he rose to speak, over six feet in height, spare and vigorous, his appearance was most commanding; and certainly, with his singularly clear, sonorous, and musical voice, that rose and fell with perfect cadence, one felt that never in ancient or modern assemblies had a greater master of popular thought and passion stood in the midst of men." The young enthusiast "piles it up pretty tall," and Calhoun comes in for similar eulogies. Hilliard worked indefatigably as wirepuller and orator for the Old Whigs, the party which was subsequently merged in the Republicans, and his claims to share in the spoils of office were speedily recognized.

That he felt at liberty to pick and choose was a proof of the value of his services; for, after declining the mission to Lisbon, he accepted that to Brussels. How he left a lucrative law practice in Montgomery at a moment's notice is thoroughly American, though we presume he left it in competent hands, as it was ready for him afterwards on his retirement from office. The Alabama lawyer, who was launched at once in the fashionable society of a European capital, expresses his gratitude with amusing *naïveté* for the flattering attentions he received. He must have been a good fellow; for the Marquis de Rumigny, the Minister of France, forced the *consigne*, when perhaps natural timidity was keeping him at home, and insisted on his coming out to be presented everywhere. He naturally went in for touring among picturesque scenery and visits to historical scenes, and some of the remarks of the American of well-regulated speech and sedentary habits are unconsciously entertaining. Giving a spirited and candid account of the battle of Waterloo, and quoting one of Victor Hugo's high-falutin' rhapsodies, we remark that he omits the expression "*il gênait Dieu*," which savours too strongly of blasphemy. Going up the Rhine, he talks of the formidable ascents of Ehrenbreitstein and the Königstuhl at Heidelberg, as the founders of the Alpine Club, who were sufficiently generous of sensations, spoke of the Jungfrau. But we are glad to know that, though he "scaled the difficult sides with labour," he was fully rewarded by the view.

Back in America, it was a change from the quiet social pleasures of Brussels to the turmoil of fiercely contested Presidential elections. The Mexicans were to be fully avenged for the annexation of Texas by the war which was to dislocate and devastate the United States. Hilliard was a Southerner of broad views, but strongly attached to the great Southern "institution." He had no

desire to see slavery extended beyond the line that was indicated by Providence and climate; but he maintained that slaveholding was the corner-stone of Southern State rights, and that in internal legislation, free action was solemnly guaranteed by the constitution. They had the right by the National Charter of their freedom to recover their runaway goods, and when Lincoln finally issued his proclamation of Emancipation, it was a high-handed and unjustifiable *coup d'état*. For Hilliard knew the nigger well, and regarded the situation as a patriot and a practical man. He foresaw the embarrassments which Emancipation would bring in the shape of the excessive multiplication of a population addicted to sensuality and idleness. He was returned to Congress as a Whig in 1845, and when he took his seat we have another series of the portraits of the men who were to figure most prominently in the great struggle which was impending. Stephens, who was to be Vice-President of the South, was the impersonation of intellect; and although Jefferson Davis, in Hilliard's opinion, should have rather taken a back seat, nevertheless he "had a look of culture and refinement which made a favourable impression from the first." As for Andrew Johnson, "his dark eyes, which seemed to observe everything, had a kindly but yet sinister look, displaying a lurking distrust; but his head was good and his aspect resolute." Hilliard, who always took care to be well posted up in his subjects, made his maiden speech on the Oregon Boundary. Not unnaturally he is rather fond of reporting at length his own orations, which are rich in classical allusion and somewhat high-flown metaphor. On this occasion he was congratulated by the venerable Adams, who declared emphatically that he had settled the question. So it is in somewhat Homeric vein that he makes a good deal too much of the glories of the Mexican war. The material of the Mexican army was miserable; the old Spanish fortresses had been falling into decay, and the batteries were mounted with antiquated and honeycombed guns. As for the American volunteers, there was no denying their pluck or dash, but they were sadly lacking in discipline. Their neglect of common precautions would have challenged disaster had the enemy been in any degree less contemptible. Mexico, in exchange for 15,000,000 dollars, ceded the great harbour of the Golden Gate and the goldfields of California; and the campaign carried General Taylor to the White House, and cost the conquerors ultimately incalculable blood and treasure.

The action of the new party of "Free Soil Zealots" precipitated the Secession. The Southerners, who felt that their future and fortunes were at stake, were seriously alarmed. Yet there was a split in the camp of the Southern patriots. Some, like Hilliard, urged that all the resources of constitutional defence should be exhausted before burning their boats and resorting to more decisive measures. Others—and they were the great majority—took what seems to have been the more practical view. They argued that audacity and resolution were true wisdom; nor could they have foreseen at the time that a consolidated and harmonious North would have submitted enthusiastically to unprecedented sacrifices, and called overwhelming forces into existence. The indirect repeal of the Missouri compromise gave an immense impulse to the Free Soil party, and thenceforth the extirpation of slavery became the chief plank in the Republican platform. Men like Hilliard waxed eloquent on the other side; and it is curious to see with what sublime conscientiousness they prepared for the coming battle. Hilliard denounced the humanitarian doctrines as being as shallow as they were dangerous, and he went on:—"To God's Providence this great interest (slavery) must be committed. He sees the march of nations; He alone can guide our steps; and it is stupendous folly as well as audacity for our brethren of the North to pass away from the lines of their own social system in the vain hope of reforming ours." In January, 1861, Alabama voted itself out of the Union by a great majority of the State Convention. Hilliard was, of course, one of the minority; but he merely objected to the movement as being premature and destructive of the lingering hope of a compromise. The vote once passed, he soon cast in his lot with the war party, and accepted an important mission to Tennessee, to sway that important State to secession. The success of the mission was afterwards a stumbling block to his promptly suing out letters of pardon; but he had no reason to complain of President Johnson's severity, and might congratulate himself on being well out of an awkward scrape. Not unnaturally, however, he bitterly condemns the President's policy towards the South. Johnson, he thinks, though a shrewd man, was no great statesman. Instead of treating the vanquished Confederate States as conquered provinces, the existing Governments should have been recognized, and their representatives admitted to both Houses of Congress, as if nothing had happened much out of the way since Fort Sumter was bombarded. We do

* *At Home and Abroad.* By Henry W. Hilliard, LL.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

do not say he is wrong in approving the policy of almost sentimental generosity, but we doubt greatly whether even Abraham Lincoln, had he survived, would have found it practicable in the state of the Northern temper.

AN EXHIBITION RECORD.*

THE remarkable exhibitions at Earl's Court in 1887-91 suggested and carried out by Mr. J. R. Whitley were certainly deserving of the commemorative record of the historian. Mr. Charles Lowe has treated the subject concisely, yet fully. He describes the development of Mr. Whitley's idea from the standpoint of organization, and he presents the achievement itself as a whole, and in detail, by statistics and descriptively, in an effective fashion. The Miltonic legend on the cover of his book reminds us that, if, like Peace, Mr. Whitley has his victories, it was nothing less than good hard fighting that gained them. It was not "Roses, roses all the way" with him, but often as spiny as an Australian desert. His existence was something of a prolonged battle, in which the forces that were to be withstood were not always before him, but lay in ambush, as in primitive warfare. The curious reader will find much in this volume, and in the introduction, that should instruct him in the difficulties of working an unofficial exhibition. Mr. Whitley and Mr. Lowe, of course, show how the thing is to be done. So do all conjurers, whether the matter in hand be the production of a "magic portfolio" or the transformation of a market-garden at Kensington into halls of dazzling light. But when all is explained and set forth, there is still room for the pleasing exercise of wonderment. During the organization of the American Exhibition Mr. Whitley was compelled, we are told, to read 27,000 letters, "most of which had to be answered." The buildings and grounds of this Exhibition were completed and open in the space of four months, during which period Mr. Whitley had to play many parts—"navy, clerk, host, cicerone by turns, and occasionally found myself fast asleep, from sheer fatigue, as I stood." Now that Buffalo Bill is once more on the happy hunting-ground, it is interesting to read Mr. Lowe's account of Mr. Whitley's first meeting with the "Wild West" at Washington, and his engagement of that popular spectacle for the Earl's Court Exhibition. No one, we imagine, would have regretted the substitution of this thrilling and novel show for the manufacturing exhibits and model of the town of Pullman which were promised to Mr. Whitley during his organizing tour in the United States with Mr. Vincent Applin. But in promptly remedying unexpected defections the organizer of exhibitions never seems to have failed. Patience and energy is the receipt given for the making of an exhibition. It is a simple prescription, apparently, and the full significance of its composition is fairly revealed in Mr. Lowe's history. It might be thought by the casual person that one exhibition makes many, and that, having succeeded with the American, the burden of Mr. Whitley was sensibly alleviated, as he undertook the Italian, the French, and the German Exhibitions. But the history of the last of the series proves that the calls upon the organizer's courage, energy, and perseverance were rather more strenuous than previously. Mr. Lowe's volume is well illustrated throughout, and is altogether a capital memorial of the enterprise it records.

THE AMERICAN RACE.†

DR. BRINTON'S new manual on the American Race is founded on a linguistic classification of the tribes, and mainly on the morphology of their languages. It is but a brief work for so vast a topic, and is mainly useful as a kind of shorthand statement and compendium. Dr. Brinton does not believe that the Americans came from Asia either in storm-tossed junks or across Behring Strait. Man was in America in the early Glacial and Post-glacial periods; when the reindeer was at home in Kentucky, when the giant sloth browsed on the Upper Ohio. The oldest known human deposits are in the Columbian gravel, formed probably in the height of the first Glacial period. Hence come rude stone instruments. In the loess of the second Glacial epoch flint arrow-heads were found under the vertebra of an elephant. Many implements are discovered in the gravel of the latest Glacial epoch. Man was there in the closing scenes of the Quaternary age. But, following Mr. Darwin's romantic opinion that we came all from monkeys of the old world, Dr.

Brinton holds that man was not an indigenous product of America. Till after the Post-glacial epoch the North Atlantic was solid land and early man walked across.

This, all this was in the olden Times, long ago!

Man probably first settled east of the Rocky Mountains, "between the receding wall of the continental ice-sheet and the Gulf of Mexico. There he differentiated himself into an independent race, and even that was not in recent days. The oldest skulls of the last Glacial period are strictly analogous to those of the Indians of the present day." Dr. Brinton does not dally with the Twainian hypothesis that early man used the glaciers as a means of conveyance. He is content to hold that, even at the end of the Glacial epoch, the Red Man was pretty much the Red Man of Cooper and Buffalo Bill. He had the same facial form and the same racial traits, and "Injuns is pison wherever met." He is higher than the Australian, Polynesian, or African, "but does not equal the Asian." In art he comes next to the whites. Japanese and Chinese never did anything so fine as a basalt head of an Aztec priestess. There is no trace of foreign influence nor instruction. On all these points Mr. E. B. Tylor differs, we believe, from Dr. Brinton, and in the Mexican Calendar and various works of art sees probable touches of Asian influence.

Dr. Brinton thinks that the wild and the civilized races of America are all of one stock. "The Aztecs of Mexico and the Algonkins of the Eastern United States were not far apart, if we overlook the objective art of architecture and one or two inventions." Here we cannot agree with Dr. Brinton. If we can believe Sahagun, Bernal Diaz, and the conquerors generally, the Aztecs were on a grade of culture infinitely beyond that of the Algonkins, infinitely more permanent, better organized, more wealthy, and more ingenious. The Spaniards were frankly astonished by the splendours of the civilization they encountered, nor have we often seen so weak an argument as that of Mr. Morgan in *The Fable of Montezuma*. We do not mean to deny that Aztec, or Inca, or Maya civilization may have developed out of conditions like those of the Algonkins, just as our own civilization has been evolved out of conditions very similar. But the Aztecs were as superior to the Algonkins as the Achæans may have been to some contemporary tribe of Læstrygonians beside the Baltic. All may have sprung—probably did spring—from the "Totemic" stage; but so probably did we, for that matter. The position of woman in days of maternal kindred was far from being totally subordinate in America or anywhere else. "Their lives were rated at equal or greater value than a man's"; they were heard in the council; they might become chiefs. There is no hard-and-fast line between agricultural and non-agricultural tribes. It was a question of degree. Here the difference between Iroquois and Aztecs was not so very great. The great misfortune of America, as J. G. Müller remarked, was the lack of animals which could be domesticated. This checked their progress, and even, perhaps, hardened their characters.

"The American hog is irreclaimable in its love of freedom." "Wild he may be, so are our bars; rude he may be, so are our buffaloes; but his proud boast to the tyrant and the oppressor is that his bright home is in the setting sun." Dr. Brinton says that America had passed beyond the rough Stone age, but had not reached that of metals. Yet he remarks, about the Aztecs, that "many weapons, utensils, and implements were manufactured of this alloy of copper and tin"—bronze. "The Mexicans may be said to have reached the age of bronze." The Peruvians had bronze spades and hoes (pp. 51, 131, 212). This, with their gold-work and their large libraries, lifts them high above the Algonkins. Many American scholars seem, at present, inclined to depreciate Aztec culture. If the potter's wheel had not been invented, the Quichua pottery is an extraordinary proof of what can be done without it. The sculptures of Central America could scarcely, we imagine, have been executed without metal implements, sculptures not only in relief, but in the round. In navigation the race was decidedly backward; in architecture the ruins of Palenque and of the mysterious Tiahuanaco with the neatly adjusted Cyclopean blocks show what they could achieve. In brief, while we would express no opinion as to the homogeneity of the American race, we are convinced that the higher grades of civilization were more elevated, that a greater gulf existed between Mayas, Aztecs, Incas, Aymaras on one side, and Iroquois on the other, than Dr. Brinton is inclined to believe. We do not gather from Garcilasso that the "Totemic system controlled the social life of the people" of Peru, except among outlying barbarous tribes of whom Garcilasso speaks with contempt. Whom can we trust (with all reserve) if we cannot trust Garcilasso?

* *Four National Exhibitions in London, and their Organizer.* By Charles Lowe, M.A. With Portrait and Illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

† *The American Race.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. New York: Hodges.

TWO COLLECTIONS OF ESSAYS.*

THE two books, or four volumes, before us contain a very interesting collection of work in essay, partly on subjects which are subjects of direct *expertise* to the particular writer, partly on other subjects in which he strays from his technical subject to others connected with it. Mr. Caird is a specialist in philosophy who has few, if any, superiors in England; Mr. Mivart a specialist in physical science who has not many superiors anywhere. But Mr. Caird strays willingly in the literary directions of philosophy, and Mr. Mivart both in the philosophical directions of science and elsewhere in many paths. This generous unwillingness to be pinfolded has produced profitable excursions outside, as well as agreeable exercises within, the fold. Mr. Mivart is the more various; Mr. Caird, as becomes his stricter and more literary education, the more elegant, and perhaps also the deeper. Let us add—a base and mechanical consideration, but one which must weigh with human readers—that his volumes are much the more comfortable to read.

Both writers seem to have thought it desirable to divide their work into exoteric and esoteric volumes; and both, with an innocent wile, have put the more esoteric matter in the second. Mr. Caird's second volume consists of the articles on "Cartesianism" and "Metaphysic" which he contributed to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. These are both admirable of their kind, but the kind is a distinctly peculiar one. We have read them ourselves with such interest that we find it rather difficult to put ourselves in the place of those who might read them without any previous knowledge of the subjects they discuss. We are inclined to think that, presuming some such knowledge, no better discussion of either matter in the space has ever been put before the public; but as critics we are bound to put the question whether so much knowledge as Mr. Caird presumes can be fairly presumed in the reader of an article in an *Encyclopædia* or a short essay in a book? If a man has been familiar for many years with the *Meditations*, the *Recherche*, and the *Ethics*, we think we may say with some confidence that he will find no criticism of Cartesianism and the great Cartesians anywhere which will freshen up his views and clear their dark places better than this. If a man has for a good many years taken an interest in metaphysics, he will read Professor Caird with immense advantage and interest. But, supposing him to know little or nothing of Cartesianism, and little or nothing of metaphysics, we are bound to say that—as far as it is possible to divest oneself of what one knows and put oneself in the state of the ignorant—we should rather pity that man. Mr. Caird (probably thinking it overdone) has partly disdained and partly reversed the historical method. His account of Cartesianism is, as we have said, not so much an account as a criticism; his *Metaphysic*, to all intents and purposes, begins with Kant, and only "throws back" to Kant's forerunners. Reasons, and good reasons, might be pleaded for both these things, and, as we have said, the excellence of the result for the fit reader is absolutely unquestionable. But for others we are not so sure. We can even discern, or think we discern, both in these and in the essays of the earlier volume a sort of "Idol of the Study" in Mr. Caird's much too obstinate and exclusive maintenance of the "modern" view. He sometimes speaks as if there were such a thing as progress. We hear him talk of "the modern spirit." This is curious enough in a scholar of unsurpassed competence in the history of philosophy, to whom Heraclitus should be, and indeed is, as familiar as Hegel, and Empedocles as Darwin.

No similar difficulty will beset the general reader in the essays of the earlier volume, where, it may be supposed, the subject-matter is familiar to him, and where he will have the benefit of following Professor Caird's luminous and erudite exposition of it from an original and interesting point of view. The first essay deals with "Dante in his relation to the theology and ethics of the middle ages," and it is followed by others on "Goethe and Philosophy," on "Rousseau," and on "Wordsworth," on "The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time," and on "The Genius of Carlyle." This last is the only hitherto unprinted paper in the two volumes, and is an interesting and forcible plea against temporary depreciation of a great writer and a great thinker. We only think that Professor Caird is a little too apologetic in his apology for himself and his own generation in their attitude to Carlyle. *Tu contra audientior ito* is the better motto in these periods of temporary eclipse. And especially it would be well not to make the slightest apology for Carlyle's "attitude towards democracy." There may come a time when, through abnormal dampness of the atmosphere, and for other reasons, matches will not strike, even

off the box. But we at least shall not then apologize for the man who may have suggested that matches are bad things to build a house of if you don't want it burnt down. So also we are a little exercised when we find Mr. Caird saying in another essay that "our modern Agnosticism implies a deeper consciousness of the problem of human existence than could possibly have been attained by Omar Khayyam." Glasgow must have a little tarnished the effect of Oxford when he could say this. He might as well have said that our modern showers wet us with a deeper damp than could possibly have been accomplished by the Deluge.

There are hardly any of these blemishes—blemishes due, perhaps, chiefly to an early taint of the peculiar form of "Liberalism" which prevailed thirty years ago—in the essay on Dante, few in those on Goethe, Rousseau, and Wordsworth. It is true that Mr. Caird is much more enthusiastic for Goethe than some folk could ever succeed in being. To them Goethe is an odd mixture of a man of all but the very first genius and a Philistine prig, and such critics will not think that Mr. Caird distinguishes the two quite as well as he might. He is much more valuable on Rousseau and Wordsworth; he is valuable on them, we think, not at all because we agree with him, for our agreement is but partial. The value lies in the fact that these essays are complete and reasoned views of the subjects from points of view not commonly taken by students of them. Indeed, the Rousseau is the best study from the philosophical point of view of its subject that we know. Mr. Caird is not much taken with Rousseau's literary style, and he does not seem to be at all bribed by his passion; but on the philosophy of the *Contrat Social* and its fellows he is quite excellent. On the whole, however, the best of these essays is that which the author has wisely put first—the essay on Dante. The goodness of this is not altogether surprising, because Dante's own work is so saturated with philosophy that a philosopher, if only he has some tincture of literature, is sure to understand him best. But what is really interesting, and even to some extent surprising, is the way in which, by a sort of reflex action, the study of Dante has evolved in Mr. Caird considerations of poetic as well as of philosophical criticism. There is more of true "poetic" in this essay than in reams of the æsthetic criticism with which we have of late years been satiated and sickened. The last paragraph is not worthy of it; for here the author returns to that cant about "dim light of middle ages," "open day of modern world," and so forth, which we have already rebuked. But we can pardon a single page of weakness as against many of strength, and the essay makes us feel once more a regret, which we have felt before, that Mr. Caird has given so little of his attention, in published writings at any rate, to scholastic philosophy. He who can write of Dante so well could hardly write ill about Aquinas, and Aquinas in his turn would have done Mr. Caird a power of good in eradicating the tares sown by "a liberal education," and, not in opening, for they are opened already, his eyes to the fact, but in fully and cheerfully persuading him to accept the fact that there were philosophical cities of God not only older but greater than Königsberg.

We have a great respect for Mr. St. George Mivart, not merely because of the extent and quality of his scientific achievements, but because he is one of the few scientific men who do not "pontify," who do not set up in their own mind a sort of new Fifth Monarchy, with an image of "Science" which sits on the throne and says, "Off with its head" to Religion, to Philosophy, to Literature, and nearly everything else. Mr. Mivart's opinions are by no means in all respects ours; but that matters very little, for it is the way in which a man holds his opinion much more than the opinion itself which is of importance. He may, we think, take a legitimate pride in the number, the variety, and the quality of the *parerga* which fill up these two goodly volumes. We could, indeed, quarrel with a few minor points about the book. Its volumes, though goodly, are rather large and rather heavy, and though it may be well that treatises of bulk and pretence should stick to big octavos, we think the essay, an unpretentious, companionable, armchair thing, might be content with a handier form. Mr. Mivart, while making the usual acknowledgment to the editors who have allowed him to republish, does not specify, as we think a republishing author always should specify, the exact date and *provenance* of the original article. There is not only no index (which might be dispensed with), but no detailed table of contents—nothing but a bare list of titles, which, in the absence of an index, is scarcely sufficient guide for a book of nearly a thousand pages. In a few cases the articles would have been none the worse for a little revision to smooth out slight carelessnesses of style. And, lastly, to get over the chastenings, there are one or two of them which seem to us too slight for their company, and too amateurish for their author. It is evident from other parts of the book that Mr. Mivart, as an earnest and studious Roman Catholic, takes a well-informed as well as a lively and

* *Essays on Literature and Philosophy.* By Edward Caird. 2 vols. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1892.

Essays and Criticisms. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Osgood, Mellvaine, & Co. 1892.

intelligent interest in the details of ritual history. But the short review here reprinted of the last edition of Maskell's *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesie Anglicane* might be dismissed by no spiteful critic as merely perfunctory; and the paper on "The Greyfriars" might underlie something like the same charge, though to a less extent, for it redeems the somewhat unnecessary information about the "White," "Black," and "Grey" friars by a sketch not without interest on the history of the English Observants.

These two, however, form only about two per cent. of the book, and the rest is all good matter of different kinds. The second volume is given up in its entirety either to scientific subjects or to those departments of philosophy proper which border upon science. The first contains a much more mixed multitude of tractates. There are divers historical articles criticizing, chiefly by the method of extract and abstract, M. Taine's *Origines*, the *Memoirs* of M. de Falloux, M. Sorel's *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, and other books bearing on revolutionary and post-revolutionary history in France. There are some copious and decidedly interesting "Notes on Spain," filling some eighty pages. There is another paper on a similar subject, "A Visit to some Austrian Monasteries," which, in reading it, we wished longer. There is a protest against modern theories of national education, and there are graver papers on the Meaning and the Government of Life, on Laughter, and so forth. The whole presents an interesting tableau of the subjects which have interested a mind in some ways characteristically modern, in others refreshingly non-modern, and contains considerable amusement and edification; the edification being by no means confined to the graver, or the amusement to the lighter, papers which have just been classified. On his own subjects Mr. Mivart speaks, of course, with authority; on others he not seldom gives us *aperçus* which are none the less valuable because they are those of a man who has proved the sharpness of his right in other matters.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Mr. Charles Woolhouse some excellent pieces of new music for the violoncello and violin. Of these by far the most important is Mr. Alex. S. Beaumont's remarkable "Episodes in the Life of a Soldier"—a quintet for pianoforte and strings with part *ad lib.* for contrabasso. It is divided into five parts—none of which, by the way, are particularly martial—"In the Ball-Room," which contains a charming waltz movement; "On Parade"; "In Church"; "Love and Duty"; and "Happy and Content." This peaceful arrangement of the life of a soldier is doubtless for the best; and, at any rate, it spares us the infliction of the usual Battle of Prague-like episode. Mr. Beaumont's music is well scored and thoughtfully written. It is, moreover, rather original; and we are glad to see that this particular quintet has been very frequently played, with great success, at many leading concerts this season. A Romance for Violin with pianoforte accompaniment, by F. R. McClintock, is a pretty and easy piece. Mr. Gerard F. Cobb's Quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello is a commendable performance.

We have already on more than one occasion directed attention to the remarkable quality of Mrs. Christine Thompson's music. It would be difficult to say too much in favour of the five new songs and the Funeral March now under review. "Sospiri miei," a stornello, is charming and quite worthy of Gordiniani. In "All thro' the Night" this accomplished musician has introduced a delightful Welsh melody with a harp accompaniment. "The Winter is Past," words by Burns, is a very lively song, and not the less remarkable is "Heaving the Lead," a baritone song, with words of the year 1780, which is already extremely popular in the concert-room. The Funeral March, written for the funeral of Cardinal Manning, is a noble composition, full of dignity, and containing a second movement with a touching melody, illustrative of hope in a future life, which suggests, though it does not imitate, a similar episode in Chopin's magnificent "Marche Funèbre."

"The Primrose," by Mr. Noel Johnson, is an effective setting of Thomas Carew's words, written in 1589. "Bright be the place of thy Soul," by the same composer, is a charming setting of Byron's famous ballad. "Song of the Gondolier," by Martin Plüddermann, is a graceful Venetian barcarolle, with the usual running accompaniment.

Mr. Woolhouse also sends two capital waltzes—"Valse de Concert," by Mr. Waddington Cooke, and "The Merry Magpies," which is bright and easy, by Mr. Victor Stevens, whose "Armada Waltz" has made *le tour des salons*.

"She came and went" is an excellent song by Mrs. Mary Augusta Salmond (Morley & Co.), and shows marked improve-

ment in this rapidly-rising composer, whose "Alas! So long ago" and "Sweet Eyes" have already deserved popularity. "Careless," by the same composer, is a fine song, but not so original as either her "She came and went" or "Sweet Eyes."

Messrs. Novello & Ewer send us a fine Sonata in D minor, by Mr. Alfred Alexander, for the organ, and the organ works of Sebastian Bach, the great merits of which need not be discussed. An album of transcriptions from *The Golden Legend* for violin and pianoforte will doubtless please admirers of that popular work. Of two pieces for the violin by A. C. Mackenzie, the second, a barcarolle, is by far the most effective. Six morceaux for the violoncello, by J. Hollmann, cannot be too highly praised. A Gavotte and Musette from the suite in G, for pianoforte, by M. Francesco Berger, is the most important of the pianoforte pieces we have received from Messrs. Novello & Ewer. It has already achieved popularity in the concert-room, being a favourite with Josef Hoffmann and Mme. Margherite de Pachmann. "St. Patrick's Parliament," a humorous song of the day, words by Warham St. Leger, is by Mr. Charles Salaman, whose numerous compositions are well and favourably known. Needless to say, its melody is stirring and thoroughly Irish in character and treatment.

"A Child's Garland of Songs," words by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and music by Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, published by Longmans, Green, & Co., should be popular in the school-room; although, to be sure, the music is a trifle too advanced to please children, who, as a rule, prefer simple melodies.

PAUPERISM.*

THIS convenient and most readable volume will, we hope, be in the hands of everybody, whether honourable member or obscure constituent, who cares either to say or do—and particularly to do—ought, either for or against the "Endowment of Old Age." Schemes under that name have been, it is needless to remind the reader, popular of late, and more will be heard of them. A Parliamentary Committee has drawn up one scheme, which may be defined as a modification of Mr. Chamberlain's, and it will be brought before the House. The whole subject is one on which it is so very tempting to display a zeal which is not according to knowledge, that a volume of ascertained facts, and solid reasoning about it, and upon them is especially needed. This book of Mr. Booth's will give what is wanted in the most convenient way. We do not suggest that all readers should make their minds up to say ditto in all matters to Mr. Booth. But that they will do well to read him, to think over his facts, to test his arguments; and, when they cannot accept his deductions, to reason on his evidence for themselves, we do suggest. Mr. Booth, in fact, has supplied them with a book to the making of which have gone honest work and honest thinking—things very respectable and not too common.

It is divided into what Mr. Booth describes accurately on his title-page as a "picture" and an "argument." Put less tersely, what he has done is to accumulate his facts, and then draw deductions from them. It would be impossible within any reasonable space, and most unfair if it were possible, to quote Mr. Booth's facts. Our duty is only to indicate their nature generally, and to give the reader an outline map of the country which he must needs explore for himself if he is to derive any benefit from it. The first, then—"The Picture of Pauperism"—contains four chapters on the poor of Stepney and St. Pancras. One of these is devoted to a certain number of select "Stories of Stepney Pauperism." A fifth chapter is given to "Pauperism at Ashby-de-la-Zouch"; a sixth to the "Enumeration of Paupers"; and a seventh to "The Causes of Pauperism." To most, and we are nearly minded to say to all, readers the stories of pauperism are likely to prove the most really instructive. Statistics, however carefully compiled, and deductions from them, however sagacious, commonly fail to get a grip of the memory. But a score of stories about the character and doings of A, B, and C carry conviction with them, and form the opinion of the reader for him without his knowledge. Of course they must be fairly chosen; but Mr. Booth's previous work is his guarantee for that—and, moreover, he supplies his reader with the means of checking him, in the form of a long appendix containing very brief summaries of some fifteen hundred cases of distress.

One result the careful reader will certainly arrive at after going through the chapter and the appendix. It is a keen sense of the complexity, difficulty, and hopelessness of the whole problem of

* *Pauperism—a Picture; and the Endowment of Old Age—an Argument.* By Charles Booth. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

pauperism. Mr. Booth will not help his reader out here to any great extent. He is not one of those convenient instructors who have a ready-made explanation for everything. He even summarily declines to give "drink" as the source of most pauperism. In his opinion, the difficulty is to know whether the poverty does not in most cases cause the drink. The teetotal fanatic is enough to drive anybody to extremes; but Mr. Booth, perhaps, allows his essentially sensible determination not to make drink an explanation of everything, to carry him too far when he denies that drinking to excess is ever a pleasure. We believe that drinking to excess—what the negro calls drinkee for drunkee—is a pleasure, a good in itself, to a certain number of men of the Northern races. It is to them what hashish and such-like stimulants are to the Oriental, and gambling is to the Southern European. They love it for the madness it causes. Looking at Mr. Booth's stories, in which drink plays its part, we agree with him that its influence is often exaggerated. The depressing thing about them all is just this, that there is no such simple explanation of pauperism discoverable. If the mania for drink were to be much further diminished, or even to disappear, there would still be pauperism, and perhaps in no greatly diminished quantities. What, for instance, could be done for such a case as this?

'Catherine Dinmont, born in 1815, a single woman, was a domestic servant. She came up to London from the country in 1845 and has been servant with several families. She saved 20*l.*, but it had gone since she had not been able to keep in regular service. She was suffering from an internal complaint and could not pay a doctor. She was admitted to Bromley House.'

Here is a different but equally characteristic case:—

'Alfred Turner, 87 years old. This man worked for 40 years in the timber department of the Docks, and bore a good character as a hard-working man. As a young man he had been master of a vessel. At the time of his application for relief in 1876 he stated that his wife had been working for 20 years as a monthly nurse. Out relief was given, first 4*s.*, then 5*s.* 6*d.*, and finally, in 1879, 7*s.* 6*d.* a week. His ways and language were most violent and complained of both at the Docks and by his landlady, who gave him notice to quit because he was abusive. In June 1880 the relieving officer was sent for to stop a dispute in which the old fellow was engaged, and found him marching about with a poker in his hand. Both he and his wife drank, and it was said she kept company with bad women. In September 1882 the man applied for admission for them both on the ground of feebleness, and they were taken in at Bromley. The wife died in 1886, and the old man has not been out since.'

What could have saved either of these cases, the more deserving or the less, from the workhouse? Not the five shillings a week old-age pension, certainly. As for the mere wastrels, nobody knows better than Mr. Booth that nothing will save them from the "house" and the prison.

This reflection, which is forced upon us by Mr. Booth's own evidences, makes it very difficult to go all the way with him in the second part of his book. In this, "the argument," he examines the different schemes proposed for the reduction of the rates, and for making a provision for old age—Canon Blackley's, Mr. Chamberlain's, what may be christened the "better-administration" remedy, and others. All these Mr. Booth dismisses, for reasons of more or less cogency. His own belief is that the remedy, if there is one, is to be found in the grandiose proposal to give us all, from the Royal Family downwards, 6*l.* 10*s.* a year at the age of 65. This scheme, which he allows will cost a minimum of 17,000,000*l.* per annum, Mr. Booth defends with energy and no less ingenuity. His efforts are very rightly largely directed to persuading his reader that the cost of the plan would be counterbalanced by a reduction in the rates, and by the return of a part of what every man who survived his sixty-fifth birthday had spent on taxes, in the form of pension. There is something very fascinating in the prospect of getting a return of your taxes, certainly. We cannot, however, feel persuaded that it would be a sufficient compensation for the 3*d.* in the pound Income-tax, and the tax on tea, of which Mr. Booth talks in a horribly cold-blooded tone. This combination of direct and indirect taxation would fall with cruel severity on small incomes—on the very class of clerks, &c., for whom Mr. Booth feels sincerely. We cannot, too, but think that he takes the 4,000,000*l.* in rates to be produced by the scheme for granted a great deal too easily. Still, Mr. Booth does not force the scheme upon us as inevitable, or the only one possible. His object is to help his readers to think for themselves, and if they have any turn that way he has given them the means and set them the example.

OLD SWORDPLAY.*

IT is, after a manner, a matter of regret to us that the authenticity of that quadruple duel alleged to have been fought with such a high hand by one M. Roulez last week in Paris should have become mythical. The incident would have pointed a moral to adorn our tale to the latest accession to the literature of the subject, Captain Hutton's goodly volume, *Old Swordplay*. It would have helped to show that, whatever may be the ethical merits of duelling in the abstract, there must remain much virtue in precise swordsmanship, if a special acquaintance with that science could enable an old man to chastise, single-handed, the insolence of three young sparks, put back into his proper place a highly "incorrect" second to top up with, and, like Rob Roy Macgregor, "think nae muckle o' his morning's wark when it was dune." It would also have shown that the sword has, after all, remained the same sort of fellow through all these centuries, though it may have lost some of its stature, and that familiarity with the clank of steel may still cultivate in moderns, even in electrical engineers (than which it were difficult to imagine men more imbued with latter-day notions), the uncompromising temper of Dumas's Mousquetaires.

But, although we thus lose an opportunity of pointing out that good swordplay may still prove "on an occasion" as useful as it ever did in days of old, and that the romance of the sword is still with us, there is no doubt that there are, at last, distinct signs of a revival of interest in the art of fence, both in its historical and its practical aspect.

Captain Hutton having already dealt with all the various forms of modern swordsmanship in a trio of handsome tomes, *Cold Steel*, *Fixed Bayonets*, and *The Swordsman*, now completes his task with the elaboration of a set of lessons in the various forgotten systems of fence that have been, so to speak, the links in the evolution of the present and perfect art.

This particular subject, the history of the sword in relation to the art of wielding the same, has, it is true, been already treated in Mr. Egerton Castle's *Schools and Masters of Fence*, of which a revised edition has lately been published; but in dealing with *Old Swordplay* the author, who is nothing if not practical, has selected a line of his own.

Captain Hutton may be said to be the Sir William Hope of Queen Victoria's age; he is evidently bent on leaving behind him a complete cyclopædia of practical fence, with "everie manner of weapons."

In this particular work the history of swordplay is divided into three periods—the "Tudor, or Shakspearian"; the "Stuart, or transition"; the "Georgian, or eighteenth century." Taking each period strictly alone, the author devises a set of actual lessons, based on the precepts of leading masters in each age. The idea is good, however arbitrary the division. Here is, in fact, the first instance, in a very copious literature, of an expert reducing the use of obsolete weapons to a practical system.

We might, however, take exception to the classification of the first period, which covers the age of the "two-hander," the "sword and buckler," and the "rapier and dagger." "Tudor and Shakspearian" are not good alternative names at any time, certainly not so with reference to swordplay. Under the rubric "Tudor" might perhaps have been dealt with the good English long-sword and the honest sword and buckler of the London maisters of defence. The "Italianate fence" of rapier and dagger, rapier and cloak, might appropriately be dubbed Shakspearian. But the two fashions in arms do not belong to the same age.

The plates chosen for the elucidation of two-hand sword and sword and buckler are those of Marozzo's *Opera nova*, printed at Modena in 1536. Grassi, whose treatise was Englished by one J. G. gentleman in 1594, is drawn upon to explain the actions of the "case of swords"—that is, a sword in each hand. The lively pictures, after the manner of Callot, which adorn Alfieri's *Scherma*, here illustrate the rapier and dagger play of Elizabethan days. It is true that Alfieri published his work as late as 1640 (a time which Captain Hutton includes in his "transition" period), but this particular form of fence remained in favour among Italians long after it had been displaced among English cavaliers by the "rapier single," after the French method.

Captain Hutton reproduces the whole of Marozzo's plates which display that celebrated maestro's "progression"; to those who last year witnessed Captain Hutton's living illustrations, during

* *Old Swordplay*. The Systems of Fence in vogue during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries; with Lessons arranged from the Works of various Ancient Masters. By Alfred Hutton. Containing Fifty-seven Plates of Typical Examples after Marozzo, Di Grassi, Thibault, Alfieri, De la Touche, De Liancour, Angelo, Weischner, &c. And a Portrait of the Author. London: Grevel & Co.

Mr. Castle's Lyceum lecture on the "Story of Swordsmanship," of this impressive sequence of fighting attitudes, the reproduction of the originals cannot fail to be of special interest.

As typical of the transition period the author has selected Wernesson de Liancour, one of the most famous masters of that Paris Academy of Arms so specially favoured by the *Roy Soleil*. The figures in this man's great work, *Le maître d'armes, ou l'exercice de l'épée seule dans sa perfection*, have a singularly attractive character of slowness and sharpness which at once recalls the style of G. Cruikshank.

The manner of fence of the third period, that of the true French small sword, is, of course, typically expounded by Angelo's monumental work, *L'Ecole des Armes*.

The enthusiastic student of fencing lore may perhaps be a little disappointed by the great scarcity of actual text in Captain Hutton's work, which is, perhaps, better described as an admirably selected album of fencing plates. As a matter of fact, the letter-press consists of but thirty pages of large print. On the other hand, *Cold Steel* evidently holds that one typical figure is worth a whole chapter of disquisition—which is no doubt true in the case of a practical book. As to the plates themselves there can be no two opinions. They are superbly reproduced, and from a most valuable collection. "It has been my intention," says Captain Hutton in his preface, "so to arrange them as to make the antique methods accessible to the student without the labour of searching the pages of books in various languages, many of which are very difficult to procure. The intention is well fulfilled, and we also cordially agree with the writer when, deprecating the ridicule which many affect to cast on the study of obsolete weapons, he goes on to remark, "everything is useful to the Art of Fence which tends to create an interest in it," and certain it is that such contests as "broadsword and handbuckler," "rapier and dagger," "two-hand sword," are a very great embellishment to the somewhat monotonous proceedings of an ordinary assault-of-arms.

SUFFERING LONDON.*

THE gist of Mr. Hake's work on hospitals—*Suffering London*, as he calls it—might be put very shortly and sadly. The hospitals are suffering from want of funds. Money enough, he thinks, might be contributed "without perceptible denial"—by which he probably means without any painful amount of self-denial on the part of the givers. "What is wanted is a general awakening to the present disgraceful state of things, a recognition of the sacred duty we neglect." Taking this statement with Mr. Hake's opinion that matters must be set right by a "Socialistic" tax for hospitals, we get at the root of the matter. There is not much use in repeating his arguments, because they will assuredly have no effect whatever on the minds of the Socialistic, while the arguments of the Socialistic will have no effect whatever on the other side. Almost all arguments on all subjects are really obvious to every person of the most moderate intelligence. We make our choice of one side or the other, not driven by stress of argument, but led by temperament and the force of circumstances. Meanwhile hospitals have not yet been socialized, nor the rich taxed, except by themselves, for the support of hospitals. Some do tax themselves already at a higher rate than, perhaps, the State would tax them. Others do not tax themselves. They are the people whom we want to reach, of course; it is their coffers that charity would like to tap. But how is it to be done? As a matter of fact, a small minority of mankind are givers; they give right and left; they enjoy giving as others enjoy spending. It is probable that, by a mysterious law in human nature, people are liberal in inverse ratio to the amount of their possessions, and a very rich man is sometimes a very stingy one. He seems to have a perverted kind of sense of duty, to think that property is too sacred to be given away. The givers then, when appeals are made for any benevolent purpose, give more than before; but the non-givers keep their pockets tightly buttoned. "They jest keep on a-giving nothing," as Brer Rabbit kept on saying nothing. How are they to be got at? It is really impossible for us to imagine any means, if they will not read Mr. Hake's book, and Mr. Besant's Introduction. But to say this is to warn them off from a duty; they will pass by on the other side of the way. A distinguished writer has remarked about the rich man who refuses alms, "he will be sorry when he's dead." It may be so; but till we can convince the non-giver of this theological verity nothing can be got out of him. Is he, then, to be coerced? There comes in Mr. Hake's argument against Socialism, on which,

* *Suffering London*. By Egmont Hake. London: The Scientific Press, Limited. 1892.

for reasons given, it is waste of time to enter. Certainly the fleet and the army cannot be kept up, as in ancient Athens to some extent, on voluntary contributions. Involuntary contributions are, therefore, extorted. Is this "Socialistic"; and if it is not, why is a Hospital-tax Socialistic? But there is no end to such discourse. All arguments on all subjects are not only obvious, but nearly equipollent. That is, in fact, the riddle of "the painful earth."

Meanwhile, as the hospitals must be kept up on the present system till another, worse or better, is devised: as Mr. Besant says, it is every man's business to give what he can—every man's duty. As society is arranged, giving is the way in which we can show that we are human and capable of love and kindness. It may not be the best way, but it is a possible way; and would that more men and women trod in it. London is actually far behind Dublin and Edinburgh in her proportion of hospital accommodation. Every one must feel in his heart that this is a shame. Mr. Hake proposes a system of Hospital Guilds, which he works out in some detail (p. 143). Doubtless it will be an admirable thing if it can be managed. But money is the mainspring of any such movement, and we can only cry, as it were, in the wilderness, exhorting every one to give his better nature a chance, not to distrust his first impulse because "it is usually good." Mr. Besant's introduction to Mr. Hake's work is a rapid sketch of hospitals in all ages, with a particularly forcible passage on the horrors caused by the suppression of the monasteries. People do not know how much suffering that light-hearted measure caused. But people will always work their revolutions in that happy-go-lucky way, while an observer begins to doubt if, after all the misery, any one is so very much happier after all. Meantime, even if we are all to be revolutionized into pauperism, let us give while we can and what we can to the cause of our common and wretched humanity.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE has always been a strong dash of melancholy in the excellently artistic work of M. André Theuriot—of a melancholy which is not the sham pessimism of certain among *les jeunes*, but a quiet conviction that there is at least a good deal of vanity under the sun. Nor is this tone absent in *Jeunes et vieilles barbes* (1), which, though not an exciting, is an admirably-told, story. Its provincial marriage and funeral, its heroine, who is jilted by a smart young lawyer on the discovery that her *dot* is doubtful, its virtuous *parvenu* who consoles her (slightly *rasant*, the virtuous *parvenu*, but only slightly), and its precocious schoolboy, who is equal to the production of quite deliquescent verses, but who deliquesces himself under the influence of a big cigar, are all good. But they are not so lovingly touched as the sketches of three middle-aged men—the *vieilles barbes*. One is a commonplace and rather fatuous *bonhomme*; the second is a voluble, expansive, selfish humbug; the third is chivalrously sentimental, but somewhat too sentimentally chivalrous for his years, and doomed to be always unlucky in love. The book is not glaringly original, and may be called a little indefinite in total effect, but it is excellently done.

With M. Maurice Spronck we get back to the false melancholy of which we spoke above, and we are sorry for it—for his volume of criticism, *Les artistes littéraires*, though its opinions were not exactly ours, showed much ability, and we should have liked to be able to compliment him on some original work. But in his hero, Jacques Bernys (2), who dies on the first page of the book, and tells his history for the rest of it, a history containing nothing so becoming as this death, we have in vain endeavoured to take the slightest interest. He was a scientific person who wished to have an *enthousiasme passionnel*. And when he found that he couldn't have an *enthousiasme passionnel*, he went and became more scientific and then tried for the *enthousiasme passionnel* again, and "muffed it" once more, and so on. In short, he was a cold-blooded animal who wanted to be a hot-blooded one—a singularly unphilosophical desire.

The two stories in M. de Couturier's (3) book are distinctly above the average. The first is more "proper" than the second; the second is a little more paradoxical than the first. But the virtuous passion of Reine in No. 1 and the unvirtuous passion of Zicca in No. 2 are both real or possible things—things felt and

(1) *Nos enfants—Jeunes et vieilles barbes*. Par André Theuriot. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Jacques Bernys*. Par Maurice Spronck. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *L'inspéré*. Par C. A. de Couturier. Paris: Charpentier.

artistically rendered, not, like M. Spronck's stuff, mistakenly borrowed out of scientific laboratories and put to uses for which it is unfit. So let them be welcomed.

It is impossible to imagine anything more French than the first and title story in *Josette* (4), which is the story of an intrigue with a married woman, told at vast length by a young man who tells it sitting, with "swollen eyelids," at the feet of his dear and respectable grandmother. Another eccentricity of "Etincelle's" is the second legend of a terrible person who lost a happy marriage, and indeed his life, because he couldn't help killing his son and being sentenced to be hanged at Newgate by the cruel English laws, for the crime was committed on our shores. He escaped by connivance of a magistrate (we should like to know how), and shot himself in his beloved's room. Some others are shorter, less eccentric, and better; but it is a funny book.

La neuvaïne de Colette was so pleasing that we took up Mlle. Schultz's second book with fear and trembling. Nor were our knees loosened without cause, for the curse of second books is on it. It is not in the least bad; but it is to us, at least, not interesting. A Breton nobleman and sailor married, it seems, a consumptive young damsel of no fortune, and she died, and he became a priest. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*. But in order that we may shed them the *res* must happen to real people, the *mortalia* must affect mortals that we feel to be of flesh and blood. This is not quite the case with *Jean de Kerdren* (5). It is very well written several of the descriptive pieces (which are numerous) are quite successful of their kind, and we do not mean to say that the hero and heroine are exactly *en bois*. But there is more of that material—admirable in the construction of ships, houses, pavements, and occasionally heads, but out of place in heroes and heroines—than we should like.

M. Berr de Turique has put a good allowance of short stories in his volume called *Le meuble florentin* (6), and some of them, especially the lighter, are pleasant enough reading. "L'influence de la sauce tartare" is perhaps the best "Le Bal du 23" (style "Gyp" when she is not naughty) is also very tolerable. The title-story has a slightly rancid sentimentality which we do not find savoury. But the book contains something for most tastes.

Madame Mary Summer continues her learned and substantial romances on the period of the French Revolution, and the present volume (7) begins "Delivré de ce gouvernement burlesque qu'on appelait le Directoire." Madame Summer has received praise from worthy Sir Hubert, and her facts and colour are, we believe, without reproach. We have not ourselves generally found her novels very interesting; but that may be our fault. Indeed, we have, we confess, rarely found any novel dealing with this particular time of the first interest. The known facts and men are, perhaps, too near and too great not to dominate the fictitious interest, the manners and colour too far off and not far enough to be attractive. But so it is, as a rule, and Madame Summer's book is not to us one of the exceptions.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE pictures of life and studies of character presented in *A Question of Taste*, by Maarten Maartens (Heinemann), are as charming and original as anything of the kind in the author's previous stories. Like those, this is a Dutch story, marked by the careful finish, the unassertive insight, the quiet humour that are appropriate enough to the study of *bourgeois* society in Holland. The characters of this simple story are drawn with great delicacy and nicety. Especially delightful is Joris Middelstum, the hero of the comedy, who arrives at a mature age in bachelorhood without realizing the fact in the least, owing to the ceaseless self-sacrifice of his mother. When the pampered Joris loses this admirable parent his condition is indeed deplorable, and very touchingly is the pathos of the new life set forth by Mr. Maartens. But after desolation there comes consolation, and the story of the transformation of Joris is told with excellent humour and the insinuating subtlety of touch which is a notable artistic gift of the author of *An Old Maid's Love*.

Believers in plagiarism, as a rank literary offence that is only too common, may find matter for reflection in Mr. W. A. Clouston's *Literary Coincidences and Imitations, and other Papers* (Glasgow: Morison). Not that Mr. Clouston is himself a believer,

as some are, or as that "querulous class of critics whose shibboleth is 'originality.'" He sensibly shows that the charge is frequently made without any foundation. Perhaps he shows himself to be, for once, no follower of Johnson in this matter when he says positively that Cowper's line

God made the country, and man made the town

is "appropriated" from Cowley's

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.

However, Mr. Clouston's illustrations of poetical coincidence are for the most part apt, and often curious.

Santal Folk Tales (Thacker & Co.), translated from the Santali by Mr. A. Campbell, of the Free Church of Scotland Santal Mission, is a collection of popular stories taken down "at first hand," as the translator remarks, and therefore "genuine and redolent of the soil." As is commonly the case with stories thus collected, there is much iteration in some of these Santali tales, as if the tale had been literally passed on, from mouth to mouth, from one story-teller to another. "The Story of Lelha" is an example of this fatiguing process; "The Magic Lamp" is a version of "Aladdin," and many of the rest are well distributed forms of folk tales. But, as Mr. Campbell says, we may well expect to find something interesting in such stories, "if not altogether new"—which is what no folk-lore can expect, by the way. And "interesting," undoubtedly, the collection is.

Twelve Times Round the World, by "A Globe Trotter"—George Cross Sayce—(Bristol: Arrowsmith), is one of the most ingenuous chronicles of small beer we have ever met with. It reads like an outpouring of family letters and diaries, set forth in the boyish frankness of the unedited original, and the writing of it, to be perfectly just, is not at all like the book-making "globe trotter," but rather in the style of a diversified "log."

The Wit and Wisdom of Blessed Thomas More, collected and edited by the Rev. J. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. (Burns & Oates), is a volume of extracts from the English writings of Sir Thomas More, the "Confutation of Tindal" and the "Dialogue of Comfort" being chiefly drawn upon. The editor has aimed at including only such specimens as have not been utilized in his *Life* of More, and the selection is characteristic of both the style of More and the range of his writings.

Mr. David Denning's practical handbook, *The Art and Craft of Cabinet-Making* (Crosby Lockwood & Son), is a thorough guide to the mysteries of the construction of cabinet furniture, intended to serve amateurs and young professional cabinet-makers. Every branch of the art is dealt with with excellent clearness and method, while some two hundred illustrations of tools, joints, mouldings, and other details further assist Mr. Denning's admirable exposition of the subject.

What *Whitaker* is among almanacks, so is the *Handbook of Jamaica* (Stanford) among colonial handbooks. It is composed of the most useful kinds of information, put forth in readable form and convenient arrangement.

Dublin Street Names Dated and Explained, by the Rev. C. T. M'Cready (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.), is an interesting little book of the experimental order. In this directory of the street names of Dublin Mr. M'Cready gives, firstly, the earliest known dates as authorities for the names, with dates of rebuildings and other transformations of old streets; and, secondly, explanations of the names now in use. The result is at once so instructive and pleasing that we are surprised that no antiquarian spirit has attempted to deal with London streets in the same fashion. "History in Names" is the motto on Mr. M'Cready's title-page, and nothing could better express the character of his novel and useful undertaking. In a new edition, which should not be long hence, let us hope to see a good "street" map of Dublin issued with the book.

We have received the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society* (Blackwood & Sons), with tables of observations for the year 1890, and Part II. of Vol. IV. of the *Essex Archaeological Society's Transactions* (Colchester: Wiles & Son), illustrated, with reports of annual meetings, and contributions by the Rev. H. T. Armfield, Colonel Lucas, J. C. Gould, G. C. Pritchett, and Henry Laver.

We have also received *Preliminary Tactics*, by Major Eden Baker, R.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), an introductory treatise for the use of junior officers; *Introduction to Commercial German*, by F. Coverley Smith (Macmillan & Co.); *Latin Examination Papers*, specially adapted for army candidates, by G. G. Pruen, M.A. (Whittaker & Co.); *English Literature Teaching in Schools*, two lectures by H. Courthope Bowen, M.A. (Percival

(4) *Josette*. Par Etincelle. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Jean de Kerdren*. Par Jeanne Schultz. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Le meuble florentin*. Par Julien Berr de Turique. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *La pensionnaire d'Ecouen*. Par Mary Summer. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

& Co.); *Advanced Passages for German Unseen Translation*, by A. H. Fox-Strangways, M.A. (Percival & Co.), a capital selection of test passages, in prose and verse, intended chiefly for those who are preparing for army examinations; *Easy Exercises on the First Greek Syntax* of the Rev. W. Gunion Rutherford, by the Rev. G. H. Nall (Macmillan & Co.); *Contributions to the Textual Criticism of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics*, by Ingram Bywater (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Social Ethics*, by Professor Theobald Ziegler, translated from the German (Williams & Norgate); *The Distribution of the Produce*, by James C. Smith (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); and a translation by Mr. L. M. Dennis of Professor Walther Hempel's *Methods of Gas Analysis* (Macmillan & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—TO-DAY (Saturday) at Two, and every Evening at Eight (except Saturday), "KING HENRY VIII." Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. IRVING; Queen Katharine, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Saturday Evenings, June 11 and June 18 at Eight, "RICHELIEU" will be played. Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. IRVING. MATINEES of "KING HENRY VIII." Saturday next, June 4, also Saturdays, June 11 and June 18, at Two o'clock. SPECIAL MATINEE of "RICHELIEU," Wednesday, June 8, at Two. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—LAST WEEKS of the NATIONAL ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION. Notwithstanding the great success of the Exhibition, it must positively CLOSE on Saturday, July 2. A blaze of light from dusk till 10 P.M. every evening.

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CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1892, value from £35 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £60 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER OF SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 31, June 1 and 2. **ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS** at least, of value ranging between £40 and £50 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—For further details apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1892. Two of £50, one of £35, and one of £40. Examination begins July 13.—Particulars of Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

KING ED. VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Saffron Walden.—Two HOUSE SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of £30 and £15 will be offered for competition July 7.—Particulars on application to Rev. R. M. LUCKOCK, M.A., Head-Master.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up VACANCIES on the FOUNDATION and EXHIBITIONS will be held in July next. For full particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, 19 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.—NOTICE THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the LONDON LIBRARY will be held in the Reading-Room on Thursday, June 2, 1892, at Three o'clock in the afternoon. The Chair will be taken by the Right Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

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642

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